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222
April
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MAD

"Ever notice that "doing their thing" seems to be an obsession with people who don't seem to have a thing to do?"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots.

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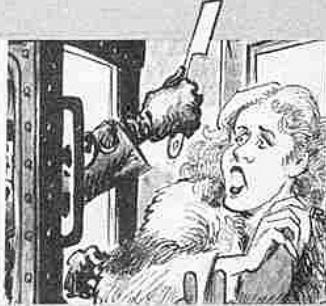
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*Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES

"UNDRESSED
TO
KILL"
(A MAD
Movie
Satire)
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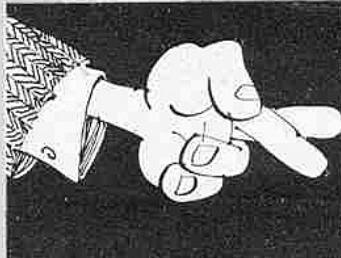
WE'LL
ALWAYS BE
SUCKERS
FOR
CLEVER
ADVERTISING
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WHAT TV
SAYS...
AND
WHAT IT
REALLY
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LETTERS DEPT.



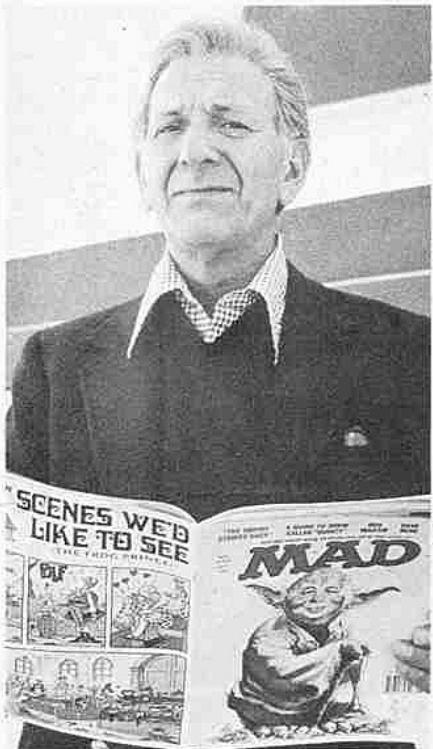
"QUEEZY"

"Queezy" was sharp and to the point. Torres and Silverstone are a couple of cutups!

Mark Eisenberg
Brooklyn, NY

I think your spin-off on Quincy called "Queezy" was PEWY! I thought I was reading the Journal of the American Medical Association!

Jack Klugman
Universal City, CA



From Jack Klugman's Deadpan Look, You Know He Won't "Die Laughing" Reading MAD's Autopsy On Quincy.

FINALLY OUT?!

Yep, MAD must finally be out of those ridiculous Alfred E. Neuman posters because you didn't put a ridiculous, postage-sized ad in issue #220!

Gary Heller
New York, NY

No such luck this issue!—Ed.

NOW...AT A LOSS!

Yep, we are not at a loss as to what kind of headline we can come up with to trick you into reading this little ad offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish or lining bird cages or whatever—and get you to quickly mail 50¢ for one, \$1.05 for 3, \$2.15 for 9, \$4.35 for 27 or \$8.75 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADISON Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. (Well whaddaya know, we did it again!)



CHEAP PLUG

Wanted to let you know that some clods in Massachusetts are publishing a 16-page newsletter all about MAD and the folks who make it! Now anyone can find out who the "usual gang of idiots" really are! (ECCCH!) For info, they need only send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Ron Labbe
MAD Freaks USA
16 University Rd.
Brookline, MA 02146

Big deal!—Ed.

"HOGG"-WILD

It has come to my attention here in Hazzard County that you have maligned Sheriff Rosco, Cletus, Enos, Cooter and me (not to mention them Dukes) in that idiotic publication of yours, accurately called MAD Magazine.

You accuse me of being a crook and a cheat. Well, you all better look to yourselves and see who's calling the kettle black. You charge people 75¢ for your yellow rag, MAD, and what do they get? Trash!

Ah showed your rotten cartoons about us all to some of the other folks here in Hazzard and they didn't like it a dang bit as you can see by the enclosed photograph. If you have any guts at all, you'll print this li'l tintype so's everybody'll know there are people out here who don't take kindly to being insulted. Matter of fact, you won't think it's so funny when you hear from my lawyers!

Now don't go misunderstandin' me. What you done to the Puke . . . ah, Duke boys was real good. Fine writin', fine writin'! But the way you portrayed mah honest and miserable self, well, 'bout that I'm as sore as a treed wildcat! You done your best to sell me up the river, now you gonna pay! You're gonna have to charge double for that rag of yours just so's to pay me off! (Ah's sure we can work somethin' out. Ah just love these little franchises!)

Jefferson Davis "Boss" Hogg
(Sorrell Booke)
Hazzard County, USA

"THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT"

I think that special Oscars should be awarded to Mort Drucker and Dick DeBartolo—the George Bernard Shaw and Leonardo DiVinci of comic satire. Their sequel to my sequel was sheer galactic madness. I especially enjoyed their facility in getting Han Solo out of Carbon freeze in time to pilot the Millennium to freedom. Does this mean that I can skip Episode VI? Keep up the good Farce!

George W. Lucas
San Anselmo, CA

Your defrosting of Ham wasn't kosher.

Daniel Millstone
Austin, TX

Another freezer-to-oven-to-table job, huh?

Ken Renning
Buffalo, NY

For showing Harrison Ford with Carrie Fisher on page 11, you'll probably get more letters than Gov. Reagan got votes!

Sgt. Bennett S. Turk
Newburgh, NY

Was it really George Lucas I saw in a snowball fight on the first page of "The Empire Strikes Out"? Who threw the snowball? Gene Roddenberry . . . ?

Beaver Tompkins
Philadelphia, PA

Are you already suggesting that Gov. Reagan's election was a mistake?—Ed.

LIFE SPANS

In Frank Jacobs' "Really Important and Relevant Life Spans" he forgot one: the Life Span of a MAD Magazine in a classroom is 5-15 minutes.

Tony Burkett
Fremont, OH

. . . the Life Span of a student after eating a school lunch is 1 hour 22 minutes!

Steve Teil
Dallas, TX

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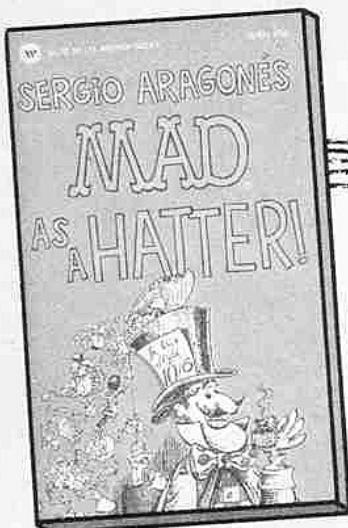
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Sorrell Booke And The Cast Of "The Dukes Of Hazzard" Have Mixed Reactions Over Seeing Themselves In Our Recent MAD TV Show Satire.

A DOUBLE BARREL OF LAUGHS

FROM THE BULLISTIC EXPERTS OF MAD MAGAZINE



FIRST, AN ALL-NEW "SHOT"
BY SERGIO ARAGONES . . .
UP TO HIS USUAL "CALIBRE"!

THEN, A "BLAST" FROM THE
PAST WITH THIS "LOADED"
BOOK OF COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



THEY'RE BOTH GUNNER TRIGGER LAUGHS...SO DRAW

[...MONEY OUT OF THE BANK AND SHOT OVER TO YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSTAND
...OR RIFLE IT OVER TO US...AND WE'LL FIRE 'EM OUT TO YOU BY MAIL!]

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IT'S A DRAG! DEPT.

There's a popular movie around these days that's rated "R"... and it deserves the rating! Not just for its violence, sex and nudity, of which it's got plenty! This picture deserves an "R" for "RIP-OFF"! You'll see what we mean when you read our version of

UNDRES

My name is Kite! I'm a disturbed, frustrated housewife! I keep having lustful fantasies and erotic nightmares! In my daydreams, a man attacks me, and makes love to me! In my nightmares, I'm a lady cop who catches the man! And then I arrest myself for participating in an unnatural act! Well... I TOLD you I'm disturbed!

I'm Dr. Robert Illiot —a fashionable East side Psychiatrist! I treat neurotic housewives like Kite here! My other patients are the usual assortment with typical problems... mass murderers, suicidals, hookers and guys who like to dress up as anchovy pizzas! In New York, those ARE typical problems!

I'm Kite's Son, Putter! I'm also a scientific genius! I can program a calculator! I can build a computer! But, darn it, I STILL can't make a decent cup of coffee!!

Hello! My name is Lust Blake! I'm a high-class hooker! I don't do Eighth Avenue or Broadway! I guess you'd call me a "Wall Street-Walker"! My clients are mostly Stock Brokers! I'm very skilled at my work! After an evening on the town, Paine Webber thanks ME!

And I'm Brian De Trauma, the Director of this film! Critics have raved about this spine-tingling drama! They say it's a directorial tour de force! Others claim it's a "carbon-copy Hitchcock"! They say I've stolen everything from his films! That's the most outlandish thing I've ever heard! Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go make a "cameo appearance" in my movie!





SED TO KILL

Now, my foray into erotic terror is about to begin, so let me guide you through the opening scenes! I start with what I think is a fresh new approach in horror-suspense films . . . a "Woman Taking A Shower" scene!

To tantalize the audience, I've made the opening moments quite sensuous! The soap she's using may be 99 and 44/100% pure . . . but the scene sure'n heck ain't!

The audience is now on the edge of its seats, wondering . . . Is it really happening? Or is it really a dream? But mainly, is it really Angie Dickenson's naked body we're seeing in the shower?



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

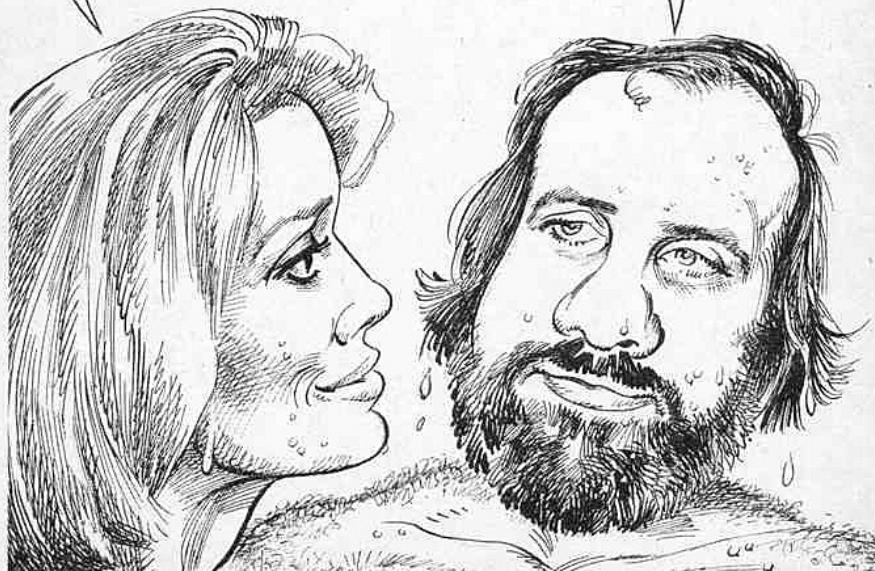


YOU!! What
are YOU
doing
in my
fantasy?!

I told you I'd
make a cameo
appearance in
my film!!

But HERE?! One
thing that Alfred
Hitchcock had was
GOOD TASTE!

This IS good taste!
A cameo appearance
by Burt Bachrach
in this scene would
be in bad taste!!



Well, Putter,
I'm off to an
afternoon of
psychotherapy,
museum-hopping
and God-knows-
what-else! Want
to come along?

I can't,
Mom!
I'm
busy
with my
Science
Project!

What's my
Junior
Einstein
building
this time?
A "Time
Machine"!

You mean
... you
want to
go back
in time
hundreds
of years?

Nahh! I just
wanna go back
TEN MINUTES
... to see
whoever it was
playing you
take that
shower again!

What's
been
happening
since
our
last
session,
KITE?

The same thing,
Dr. Illiot! I'm
consumed with
lustful erotic
fantasies ...
eighteen hours
a day!!!

And
you'd
like
them
to
stop,
right?

Hell, NO!!
I want them
24 HOURS
a day!
Fantasy
I can face!!
REALITY
I can't!

I'm troubled! I
feel a certain
lack of passion
—an emptiness!

No, in your performance!
I'm playing a Doctor! A
Doctor is **SUPPOSED** to
be objective and
cold and unemotional!!!

I know! But
what about
all the other
roles you've
played ... in
other movies?!

That's odd! The museum
is empty, and yet this
handsome stranger chose
to sit down here ...
right next to me!!!

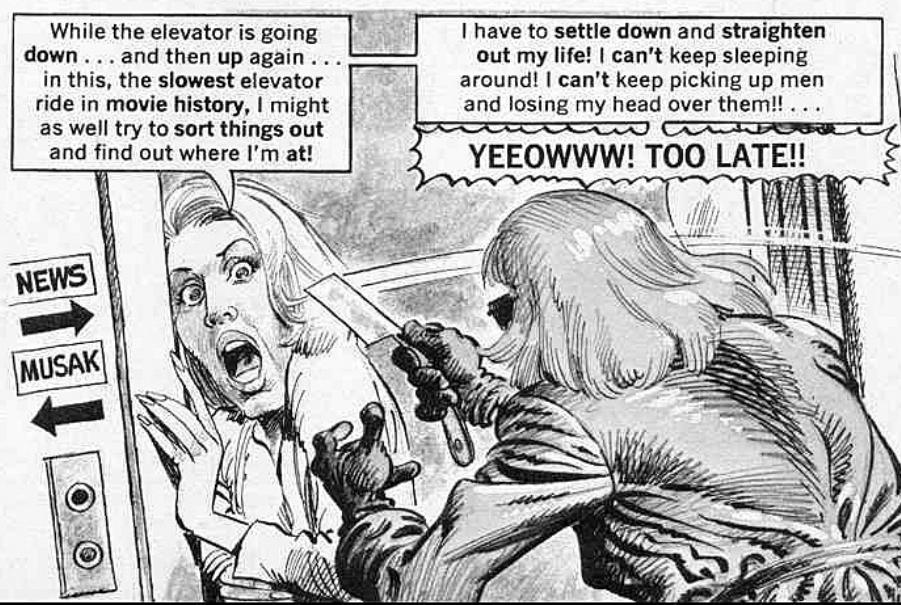
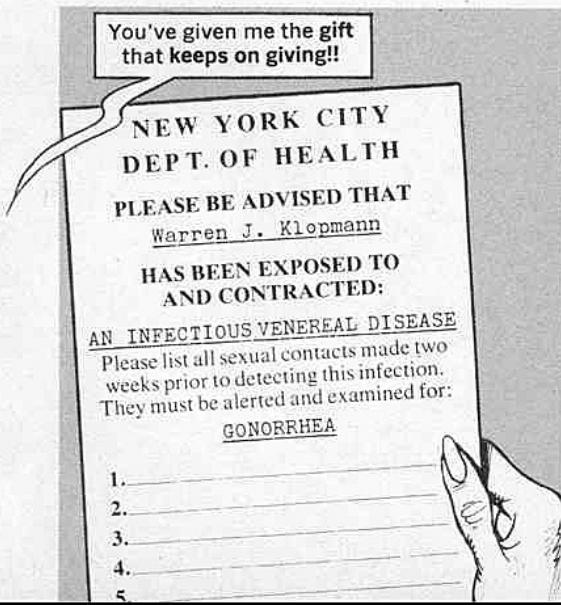
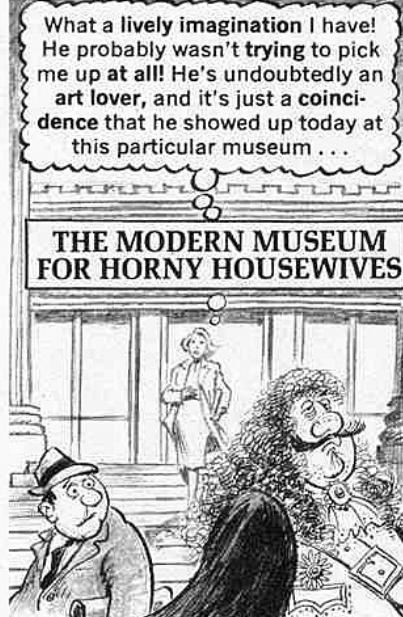
It would be very
crass and rude
and obvious of
him to attempt
to pick me up!!!

I hope,
I hope,
I hope,
I hope,
I hope!

He IS!! He's following
me into the next gallery!

Now it's **MY** turn to follow **HIM**!!
Movie audiences are tired of car
chases, anyway! We've found a
whole **NEW** way to put them to
sleep ... a **MUSEUM CHASE**!!
Ooops!! I think I lost him!!

I'm tired of playing this silly game of
cat and mouse! It's time to give this
creep the slip! I'll just dash into the
next gallery and hide behind some huge
sculpture! He'll never find me there!



You've been a delightful trick, Mr. Ludwig! By the way, my customers give me stock tips! Do you have any recommendations . . . ? Polaroid? Sony? Revlon?

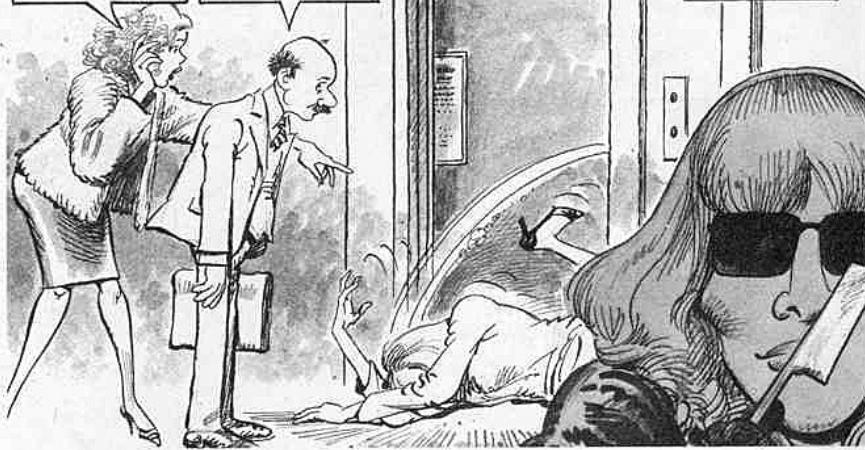
Why don't you take a big position in "Sealy Posturepedic Mattresses?" With YOUR business alone, the stock should go through the roof!!

Gasp! Do YOU see what I see?! I don't believe it! It CAN'T be HAPPENING!!

Violent murder in New York City . . . ?! It happens ALL THE TIME!

I mean a major character getting knocked off this early in the film! It hasn't happened since Janet Leigh in "Psycho"!!

Stop complaining! Now YOU'RE the female lead in this thing!



"Beep" . . . Dr. Illiot, this is Milt Gunty! I'm stuck in Cleveland! I can't make our appointment Friday!

"Beep" . . . Dr., this is Angela! I didn't mean what I said! I'm calling to say I'm sorry!

"Beep" . . . Dr., this is Bibbie! I took your razor and I slashed Kite Muller, your patient, to death!!

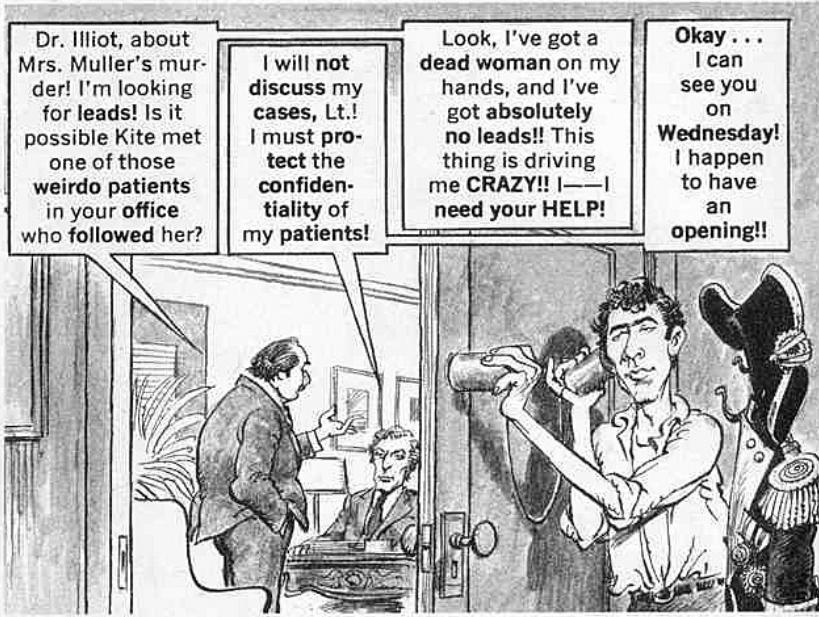
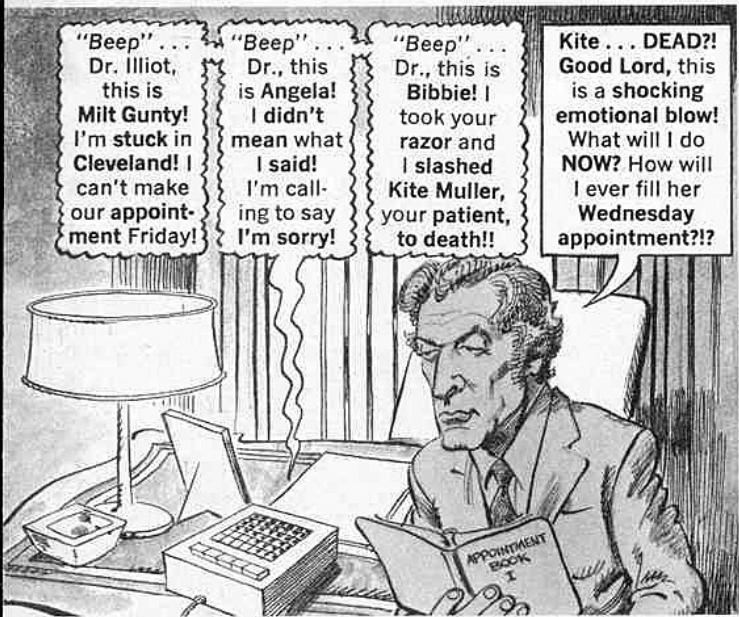
Kite . . . DEAD?! Good Lord, this is a shocking emotional blow! What will I do NOW? How will I ever fill her Wednesday appointment???

Dr. Illiot, about Mrs. Muller's murderer! I'm looking for leads! Is it possible Kite met one of those weirdo patients in your office who followed her?

I will not discuss my cases, Lt.! I must protect the confidentiality of my patients!

Look, I've got a dead woman on my hands, and I've got absolutely no leads!! This thing is driving me CRAZY!! —I need your HELP!

Okay . . . I can see you on Wednesday! I happen to have an opening!!



Hmmm! There she is again! That strange lady in the dark glasses who's been following me ever since I discovered that body in the elevator! I'll just slip into the subway . . . !

A gorgeous redhead in an expensive fur coat and a skirt slit all the way up to her navel ought to be perfectly safe down there!!

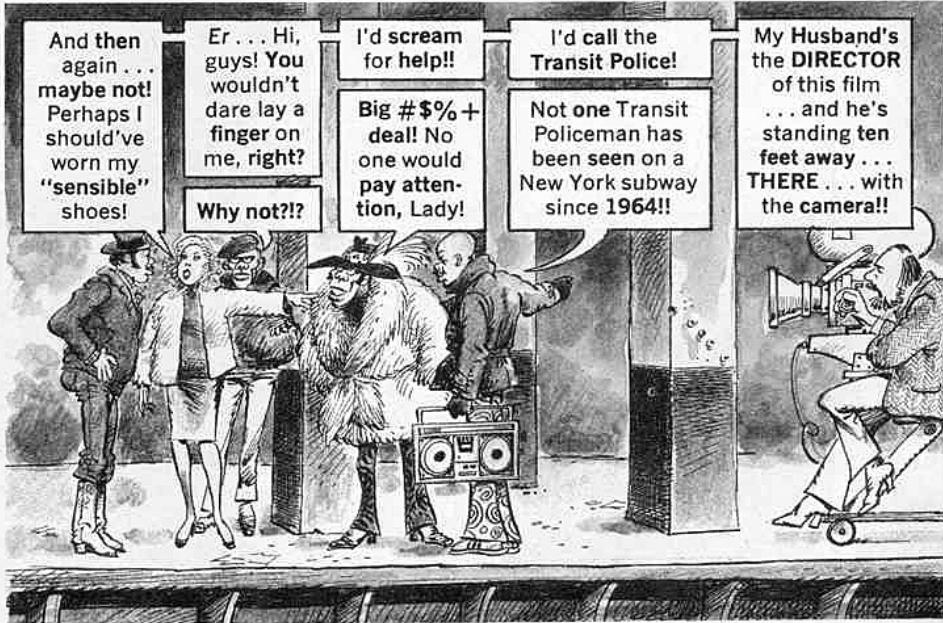
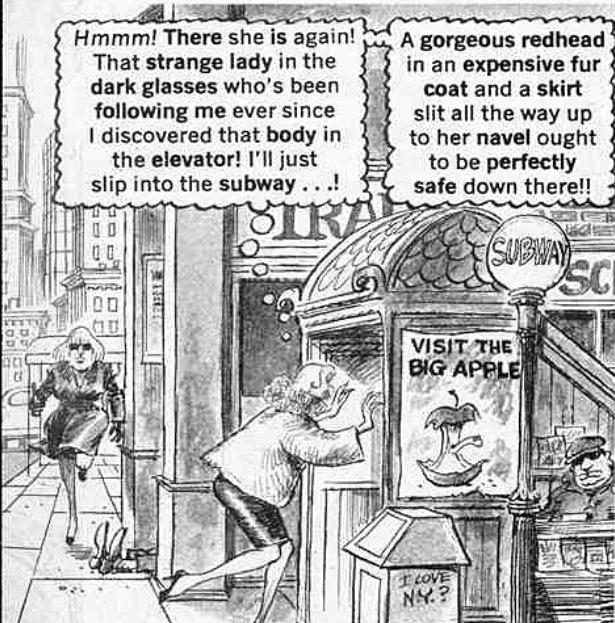
And then again . . . maybe not! Perhaps I should've worn my "sensible" shoes!

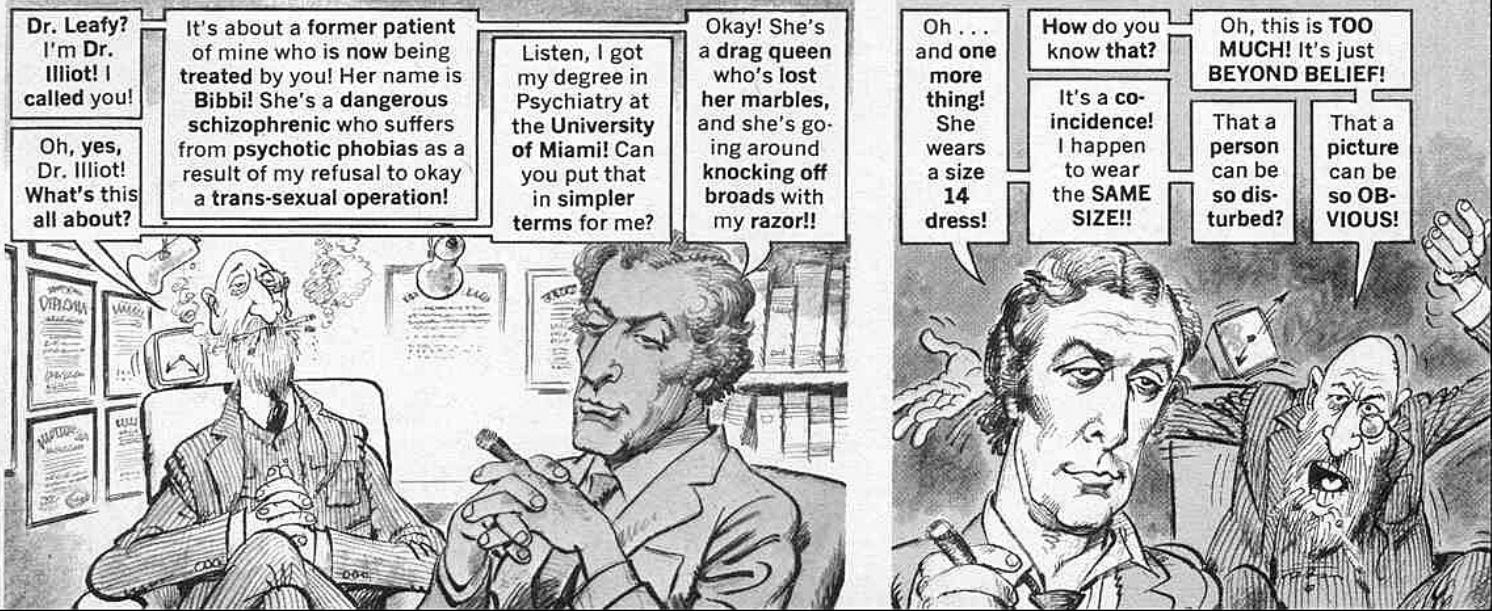
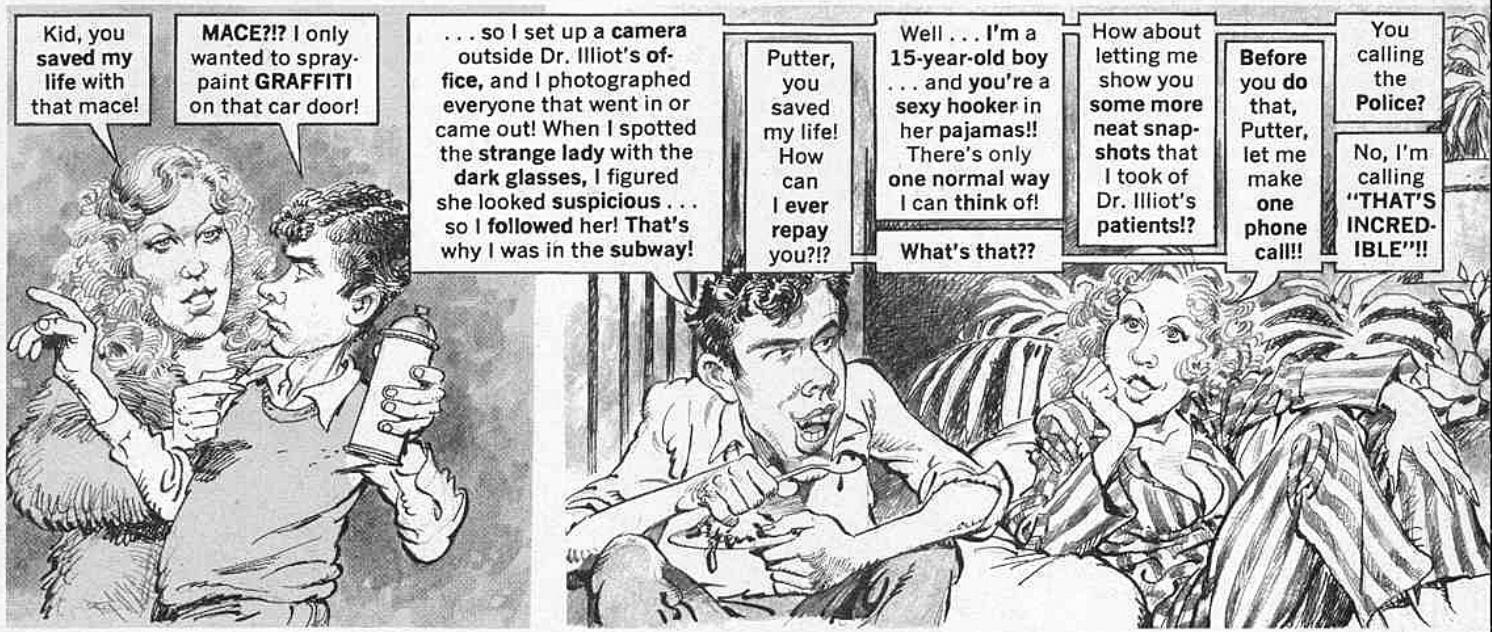
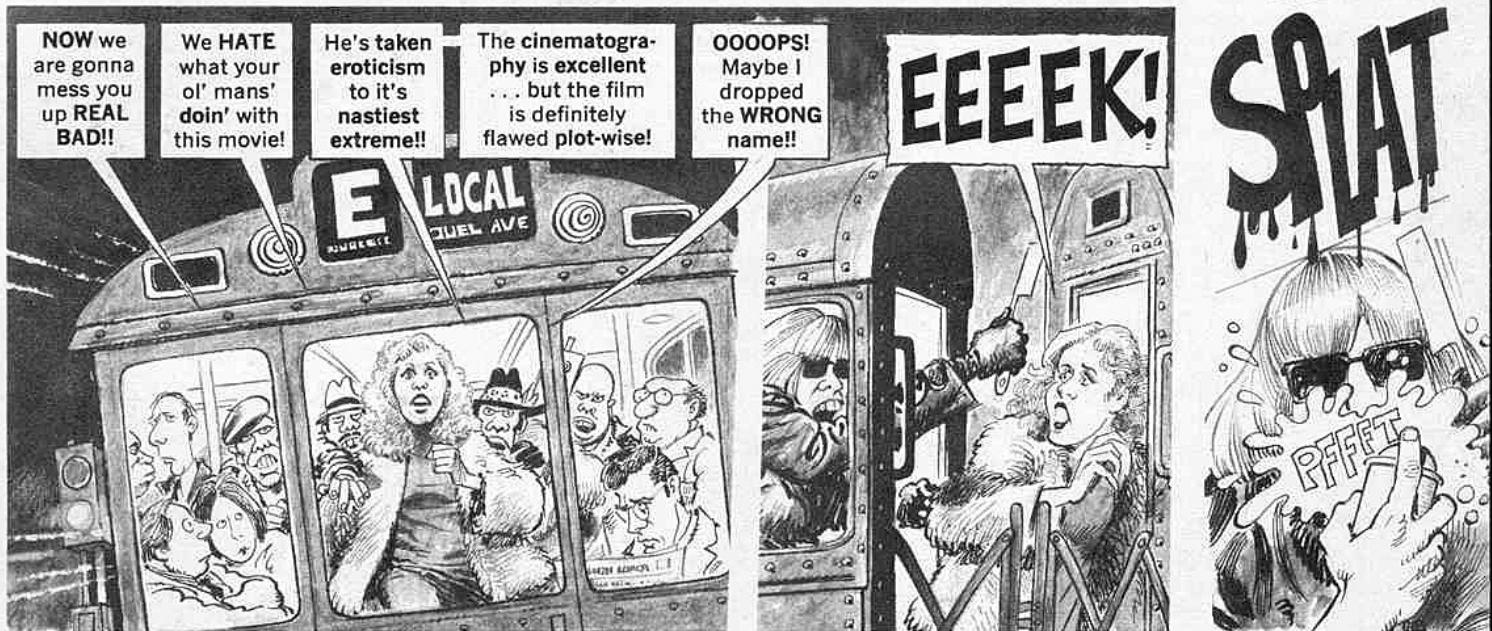
Er . . . Hi, guys! You wouldn't dare lay a finger on me, right?

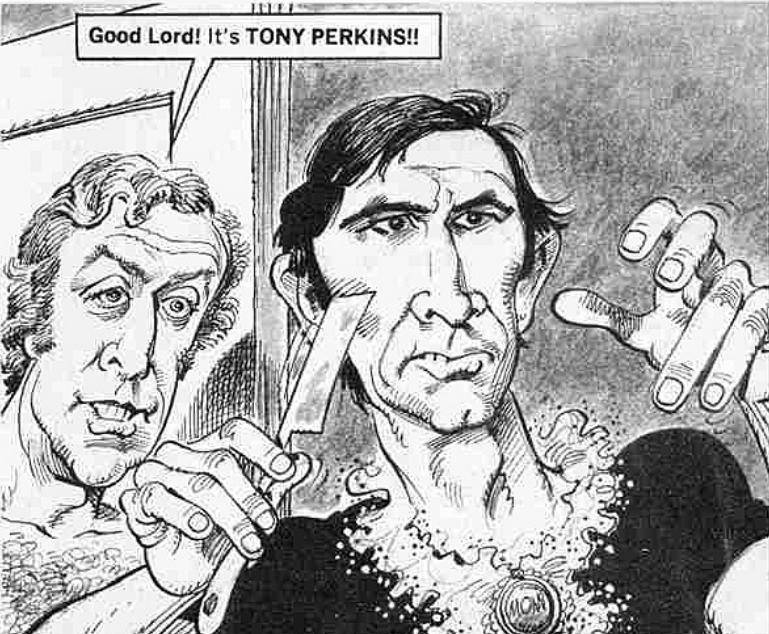
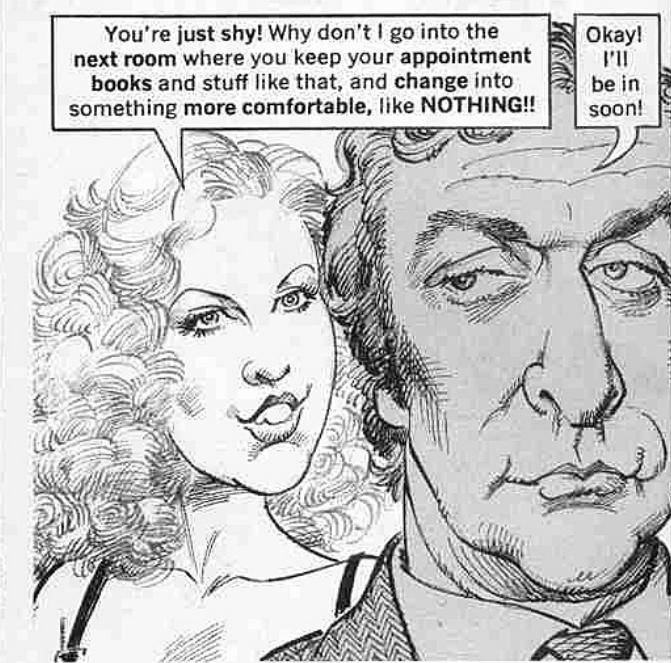
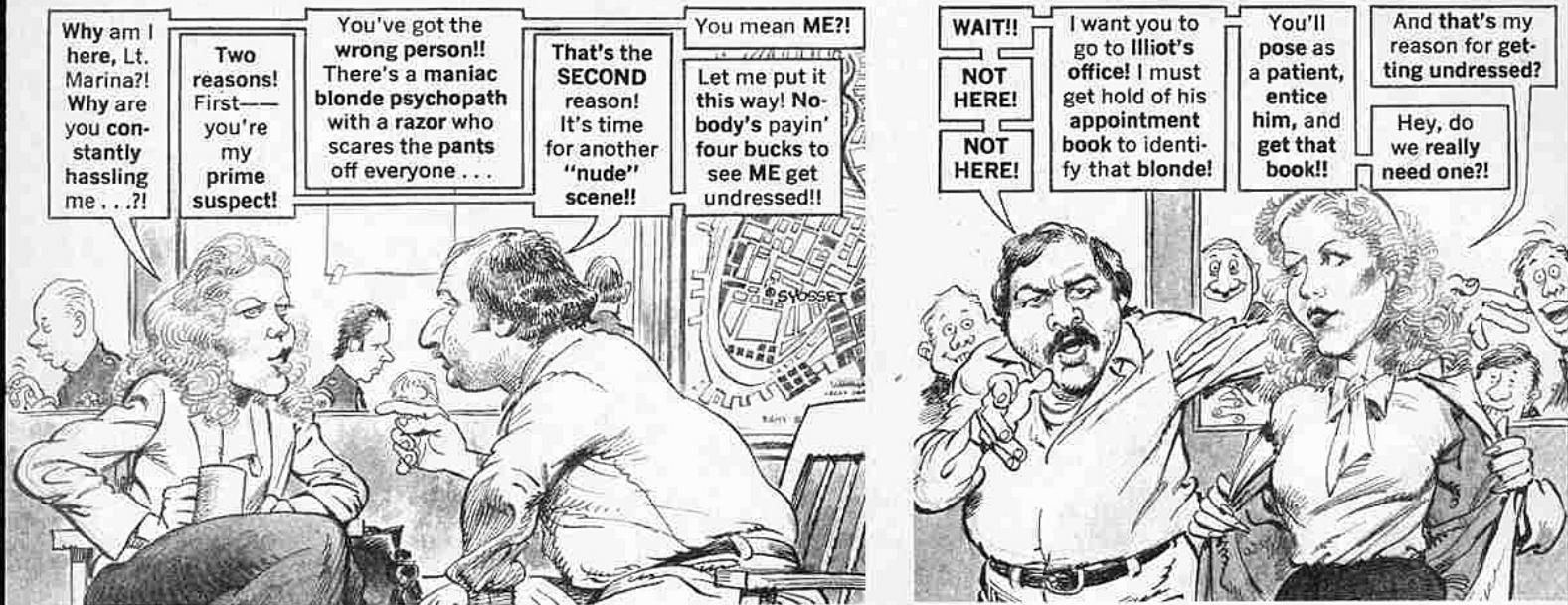
I'd scream for help!!

I'd call the Transit Police!

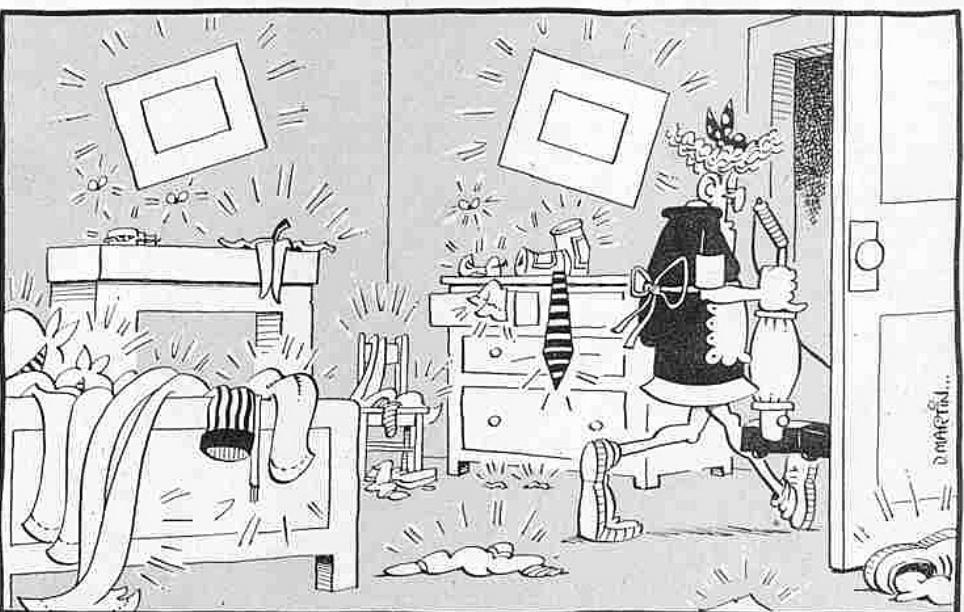
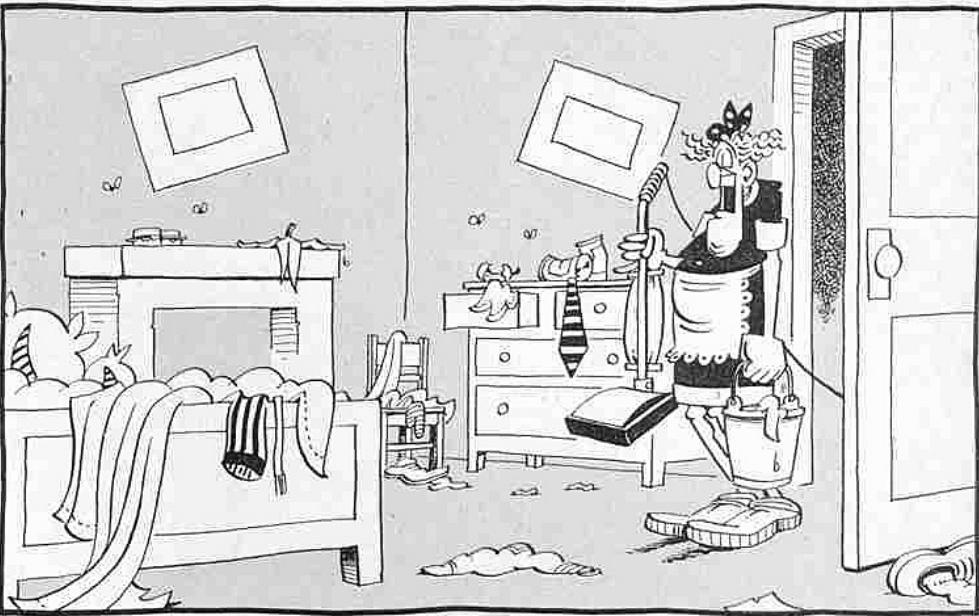
My Husband's the DIRECTOR of this film . . . and he's standing ten feet away . . . THERE . . . with the camera!!





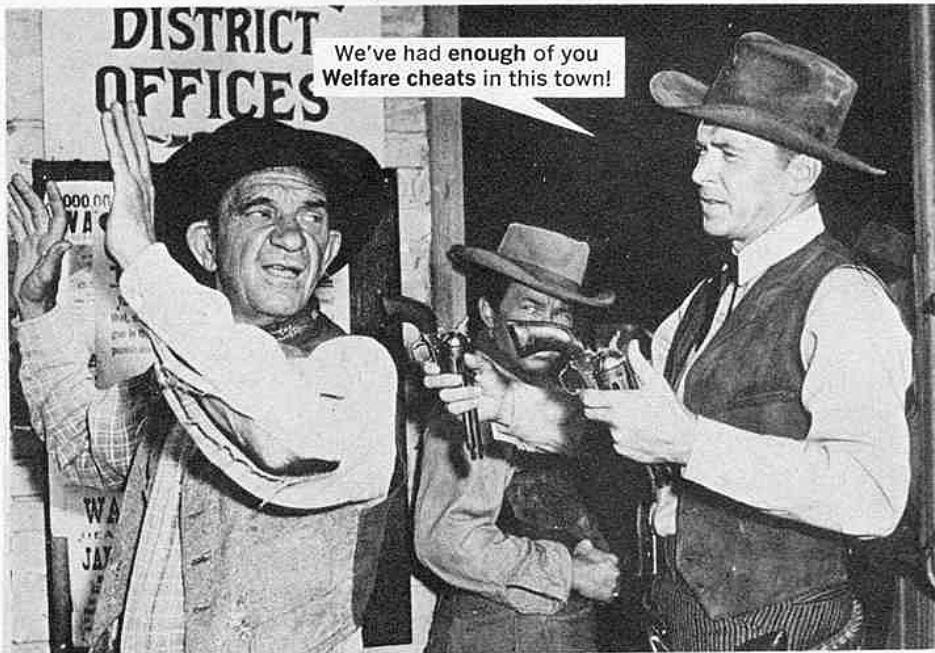
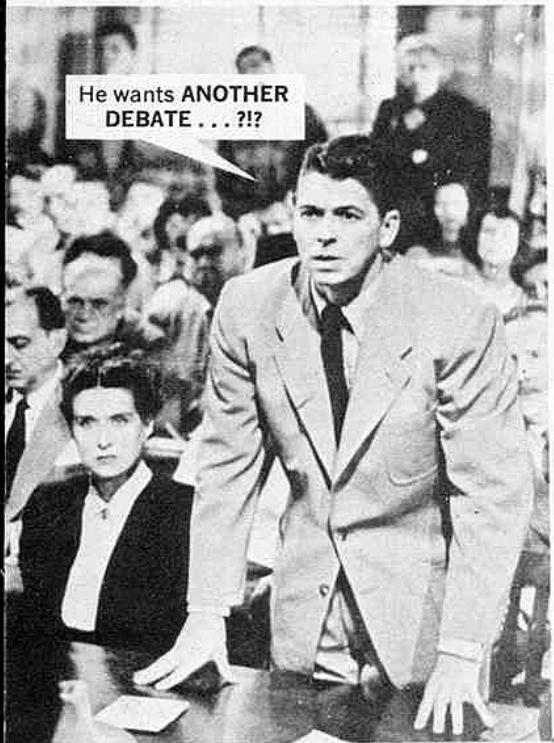


EARLY ONE MORNING IN A HOTEL ROOM



SPEAKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

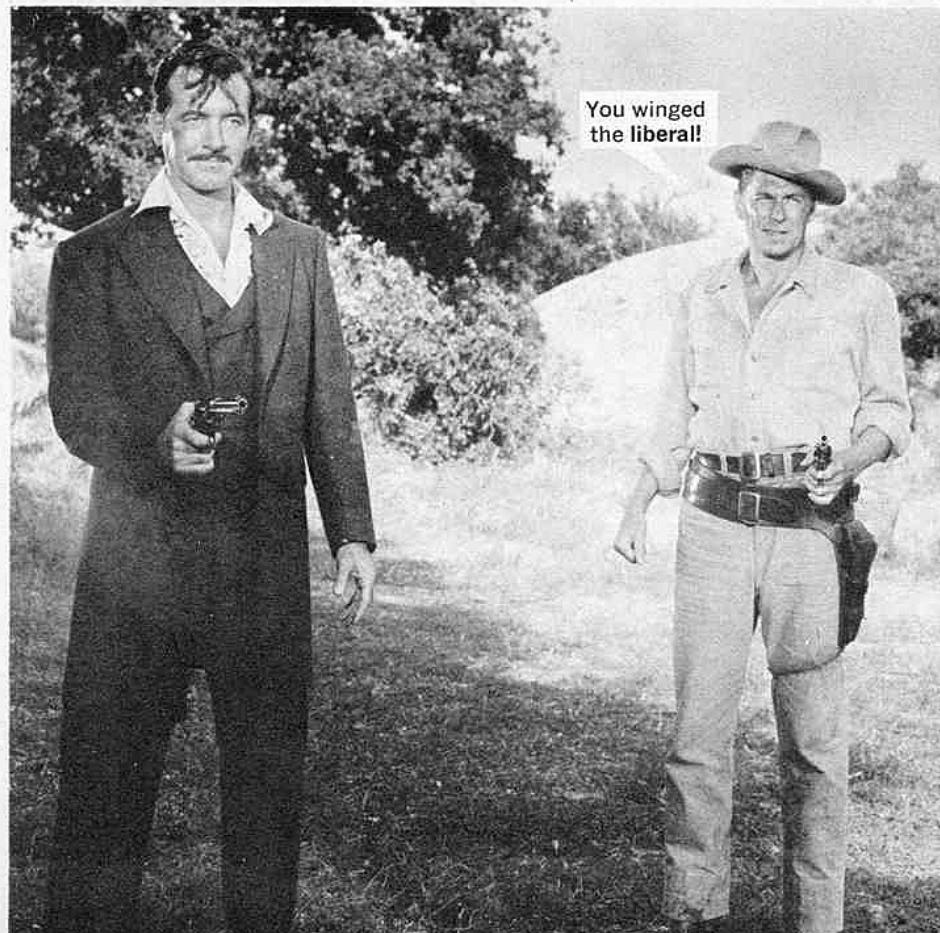
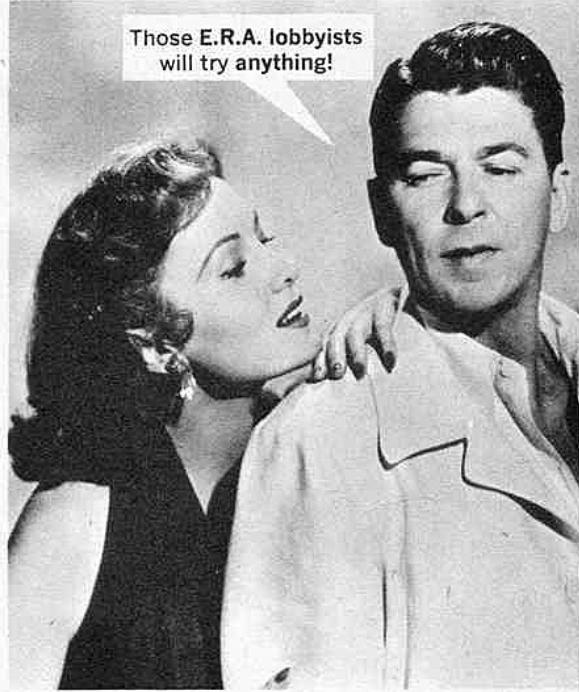
NOW PLAYING...AT THE

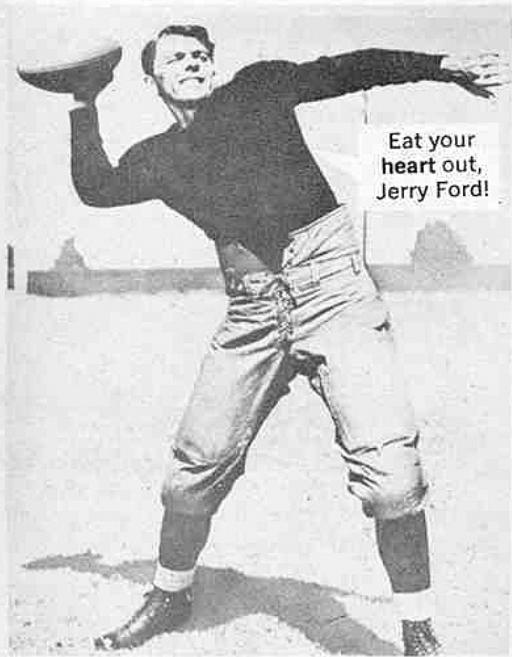
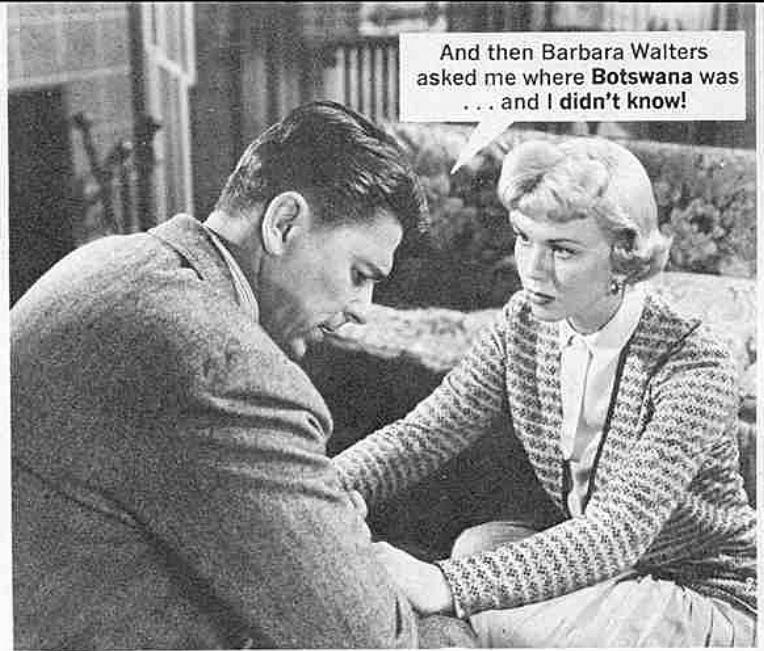




THE WHITE HOUSE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS





AD NAUSEA DEPT.

No matter how many new laws the Government passes, and no matter how many new Agencies they set up to protect us gullible consumers from Madison Avenue . . .

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING...

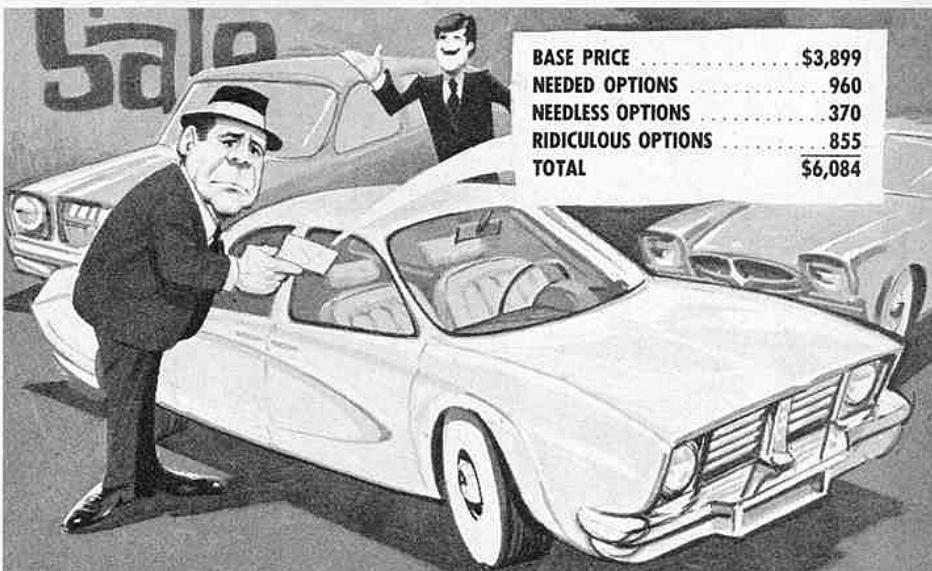
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: TOM KOCH

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



. . . because invitations to "buy one, get the second one free" sound so appealing, we quickly forget we can't even use one!

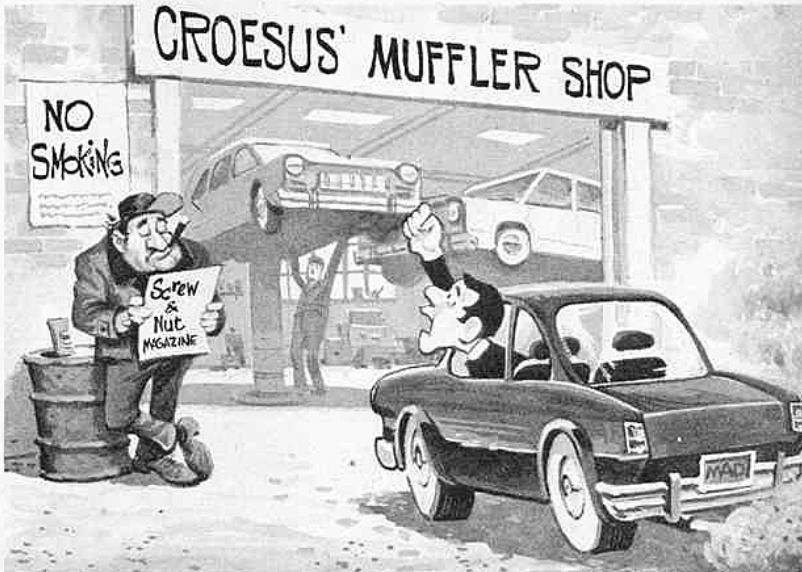


. . . because we're already inside the dealer's showroom with our tongues hanging out before we realize that \$3,899 cars really cost over \$6,000 by the time wheels, windows and other "optional equipment" are added in.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

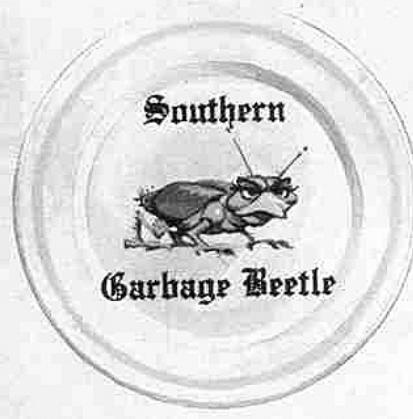


. . . because we don't find out until too late that it costs less to keep the junk we buy from mail order houses than it does to pay the postage to return it.



. . . because we're lured to muffler shops that offer "30-Minute Service," even though we know it takes longer than that just to get a mechanic's attention.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



**LIMITED
EDITION!
“BUGS OF
AMERICA”
SOUVENIR
PLATES**

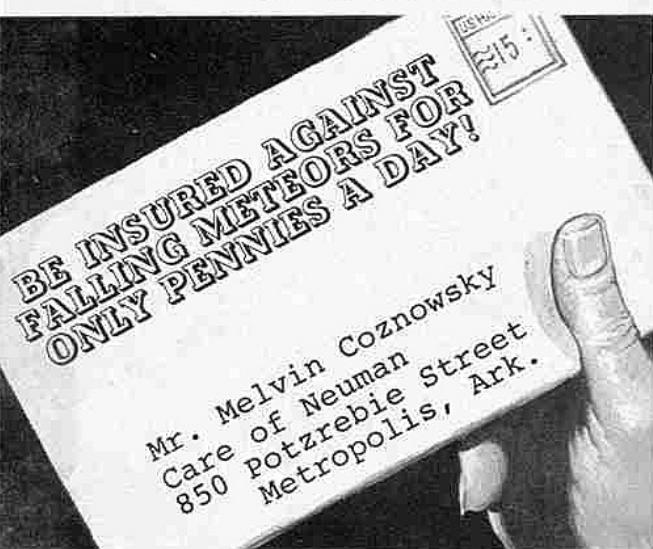
. . . because few realize that "a collector's item much in demand" will stop being in demand as soon as every collector orders his from the same ad we're reading.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



. . . because we invariably buy pills promising "temporary relief from minor pain" after we see how they provide the actor in the commercial with permanent relief from major pain.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



...because we never add up all those items that cost "only pennies a day" to see how their total cost can amount to thousands of dollars a year.



. . . because liquor companies always mention their product's mellow aging and smooth taste, but never warn us of the rotting liver and wild convulsions we can get from drinking it.



Regularly \$495.00. SALE PRICED — \$199.95!

... because draping a beautiful model across cheap furniture makes any sofa look much better in the ad than it's ever going to look in our living room.

CLEVER ADVERTISING

SHOPARAMA GIVES AWAY \$50,000! PLAY SUPERMARKET CRAPSHOOT!

A black and white cartoon illustration. On the left, an older man with a large nose, wearing a fedora and a suit, holds a stack of money and looks at it. In front of him is a supermarket checkout counter. A woman with a large afro hairstyle, wearing a dark blazer over a light shirt, stands behind the counter, looking towards the man. The counter has a cash register displaying '\$97.40'. To the right, there's a shopping bag with the word 'Super' written on it. In the background, shelves filled with various items are visible.

... because supermarkets promoting those sweep-stake games act as if the prize money is coming out of their profits ... and not your pockets.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



... because a chance to get ten free albums for joining a record club blinds us to the fact that there's no way we can drop out once we've joined.



... because hardly anybody remembers that the sales items "drastically reduced" from \$89.00 to \$69.00 are the same ones that were drastically increased from \$49.00 last year.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



... because we stupidly assume that anything sold by Farrah Fawcett-Majors has to be great.

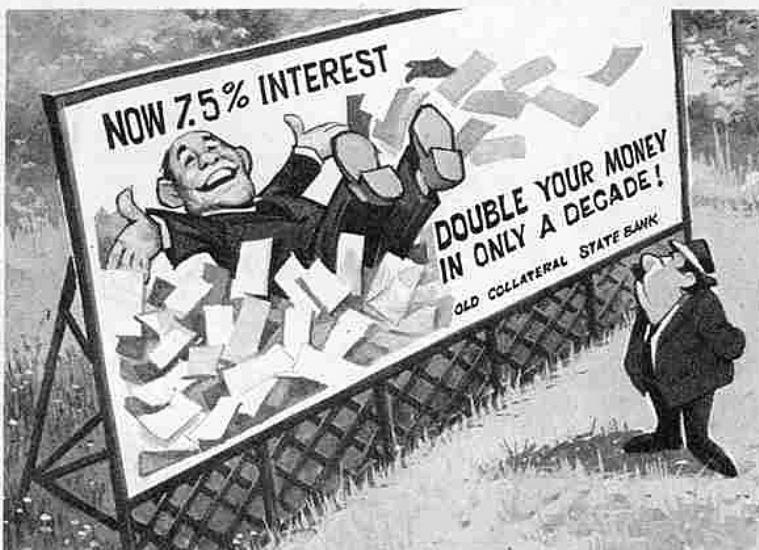


... because they deviously bunch items of different prices together, hoping we'll think the one we want is cheap.



... because a TV announcer with a British accent has a way of making even worthless trash sound like high-quality merchandise.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

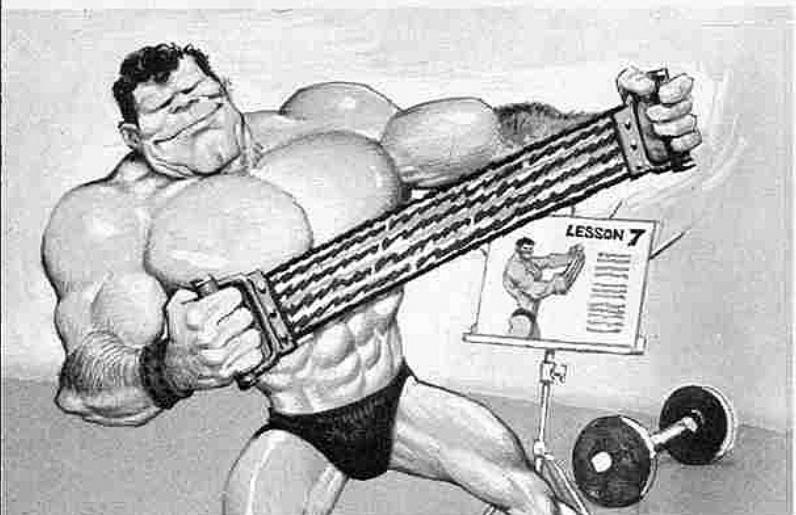


... because banks don't remind us that we could also have doubled our money in the past ten years investing in light bulbs, blue jeans, shoes or kitty-litter.



... because it impresses us to read how "Mrs. J. M. of California" has praised a product, even though we have no idea who she is, or if she even exists.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



... because we mistakenly assume that the models pictured demonstrating "body-building equipment" were as scrawny as we are until they started using the stuff.



... because every parent wants to believe that a \$500 set of encyclopedias is all that's needed to transform his stupid kid into a Rhodes Scholar.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

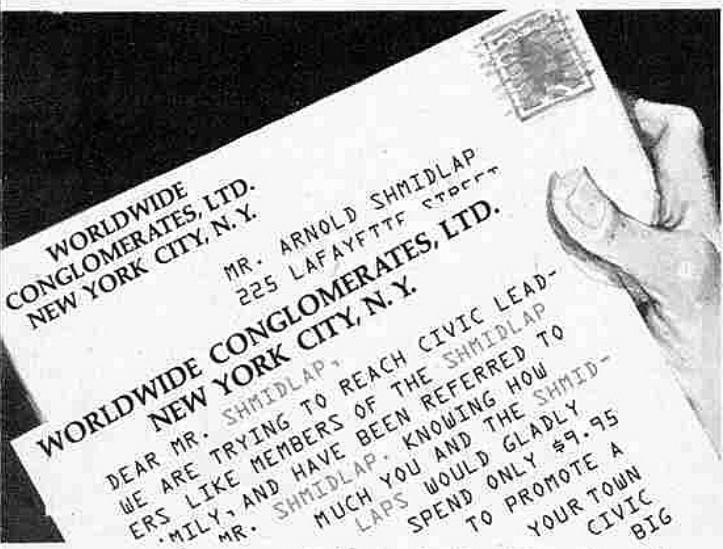


... because we desperately want to believe that "low-tar" cigarettes are a heaven-sent discovery that'll let us keep smoking and still keep alive.



... because it boggles the mind to imagine a wonderful person like Pat Boone lying when he tells us that hot dogs are nutritious, even when they're not particularly.

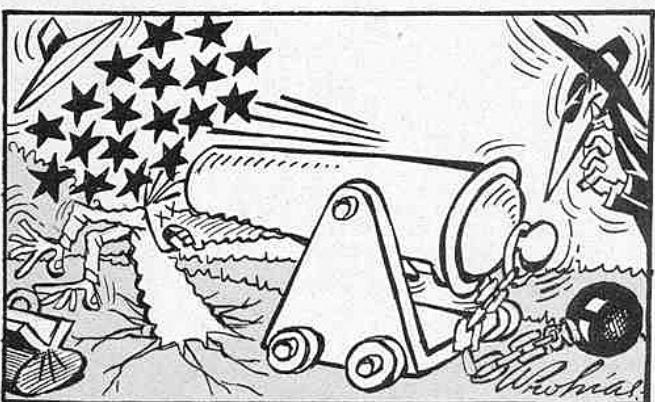
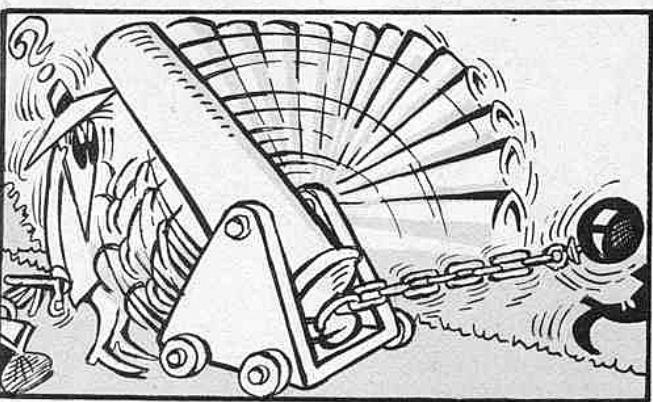
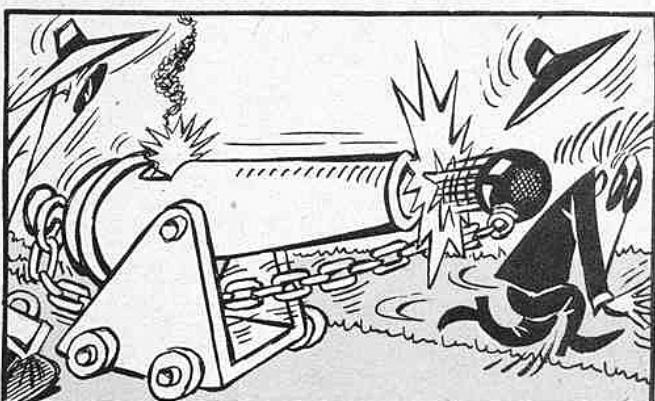
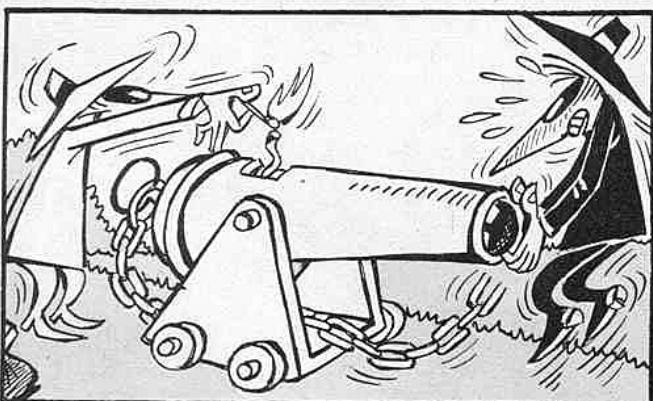
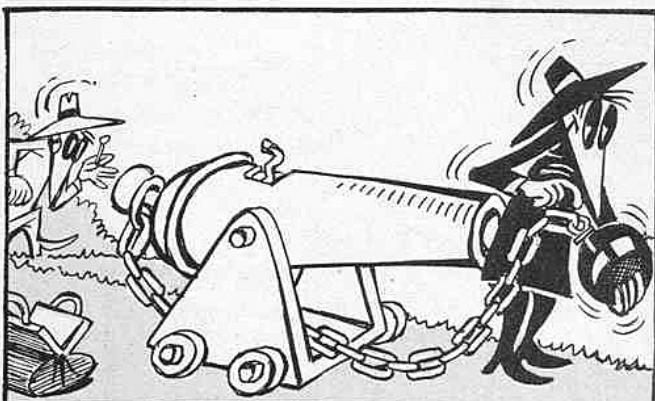
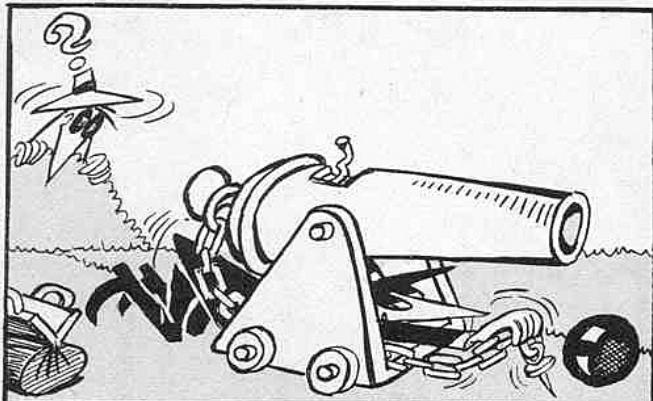
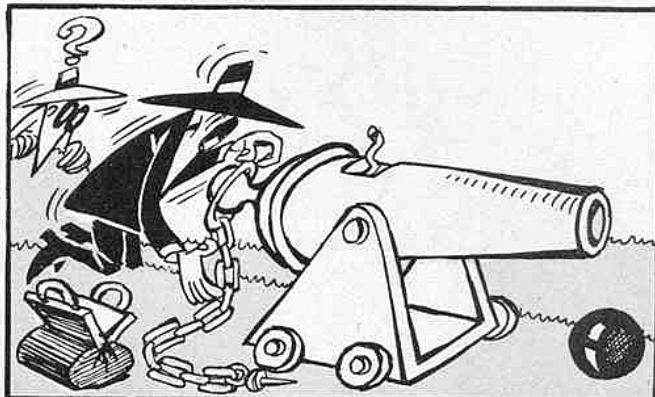
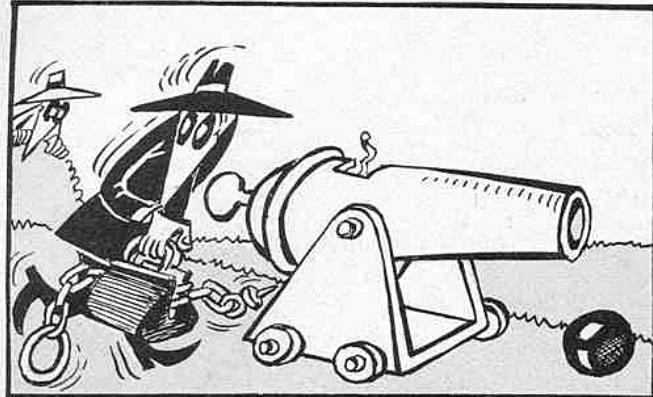
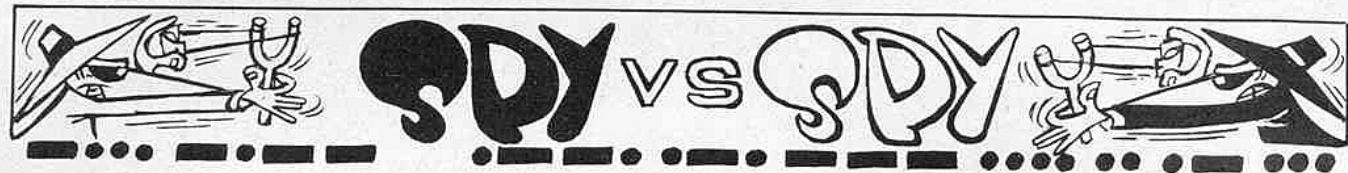
WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



... because we're flattered when letters from big companies address us by our name, even though it's so obvious that they were written by a computer.



... because we lack the foresight to realize that 'easy monthly car payments' won't seem so easy when the car falls apart, and we're still paying for it.



DRUGS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHT

SOCIAL CALLS



CHILDPLAY



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

MEDICINE

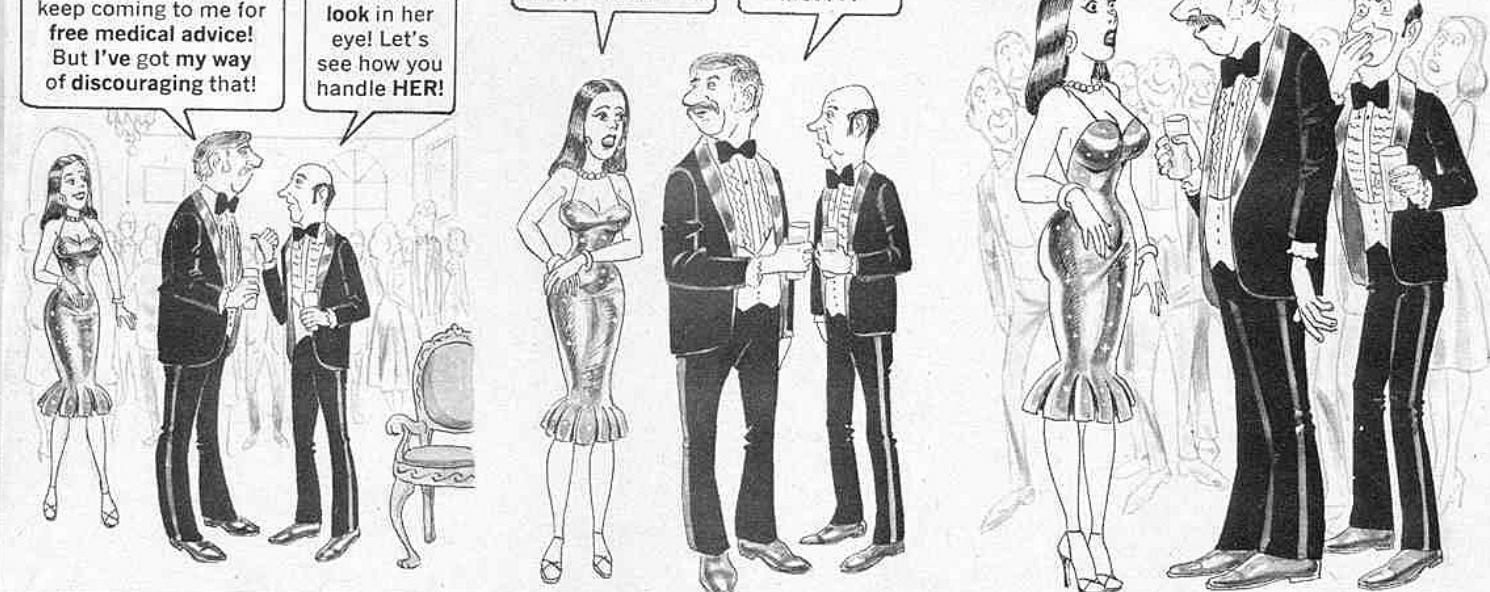
I come to these parties to forget my problems of being a doctor, and what happens?!? Guests keep coming to me for free medical advice! But I've got my way of discouraging that!

Really? Uh—here comes Lola Palizza with that look in her eye! Let's see how you handle HER!

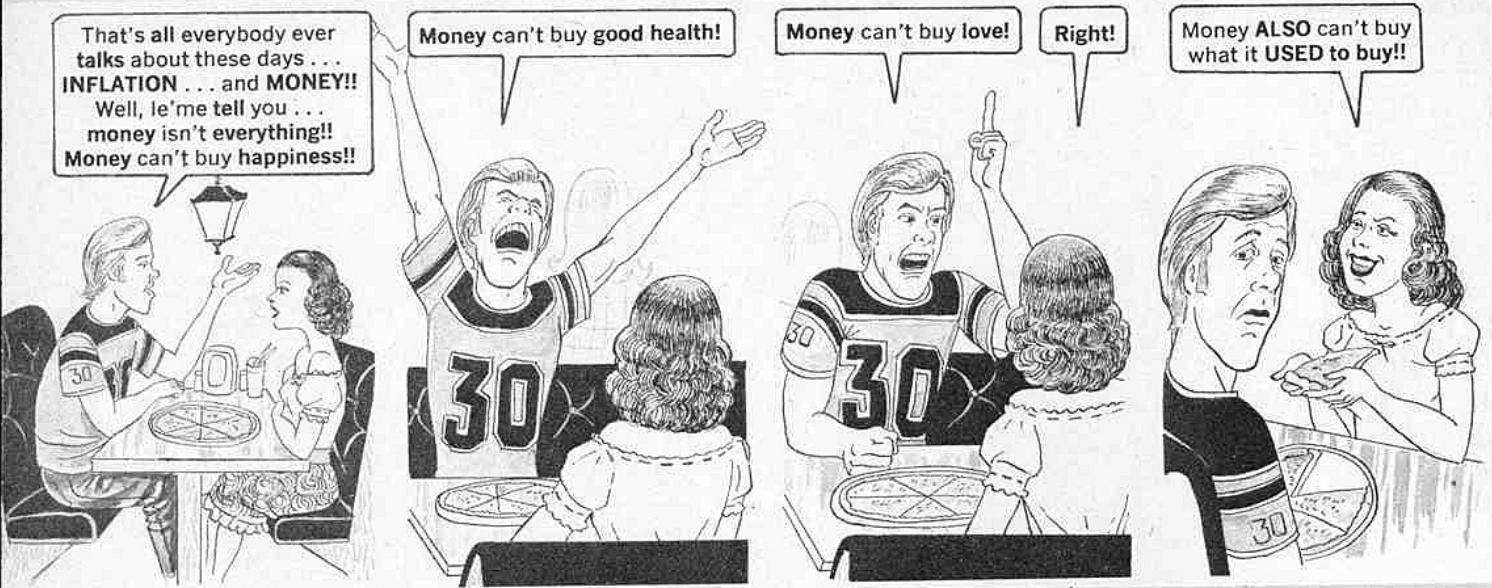
Doctor, I've got this sharp pain in my side! What does it mean . . . ?

I don't know! I'll have to EXAMINE you first . . .

TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES!!



INFLATION



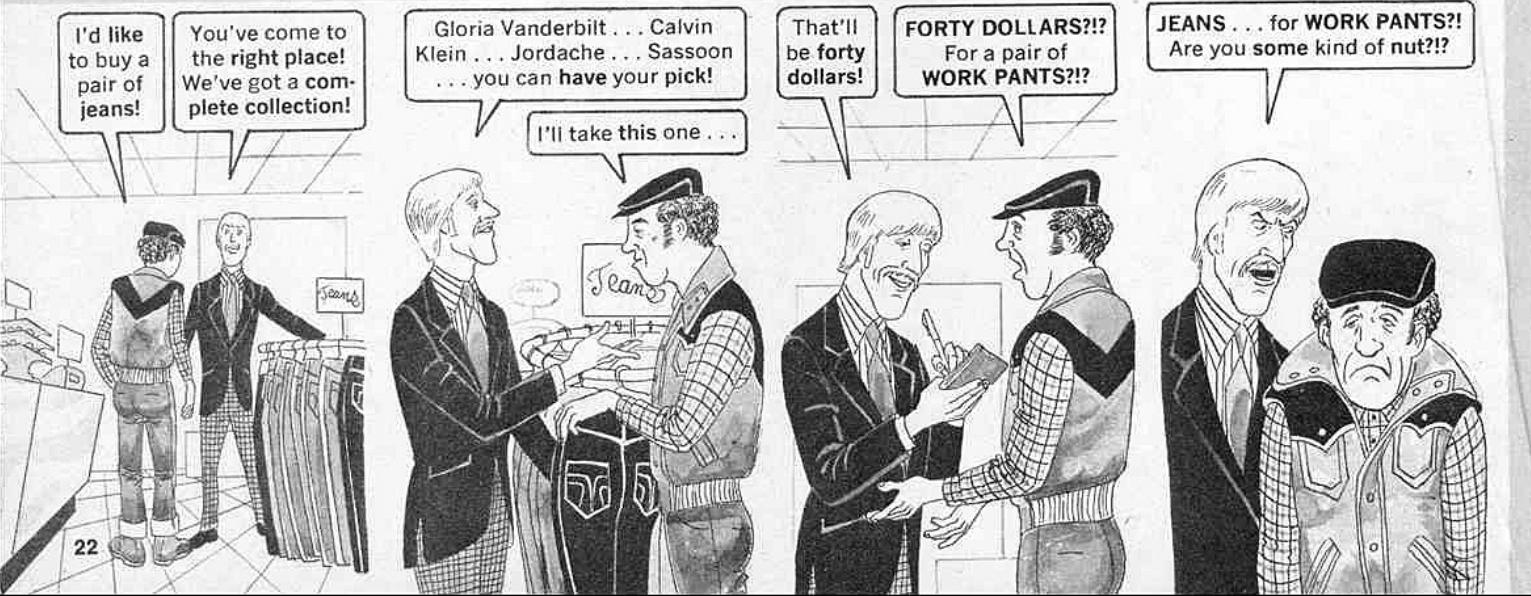
ON THE JOB



DRESSING UP



STYLES



GIFTS

It came, Uncle George! That magnificent DRUM SET you sent Bobby for his birthday!

BANG CRASH



He took to it like a Pro! He's been playing it steadily ever since it came! Each boom from the bass drum is a thrill! The snare drum sounds like silver! The symbols are awe-inspiring!

RATTATATTAT BOOM



How can Debbie and I ever thank you for such a marvelous addition to our home!??!

That was beautiful!

BANG BOOM



Now, I DARE you to say all that with your finger OFF the button!

CRASH



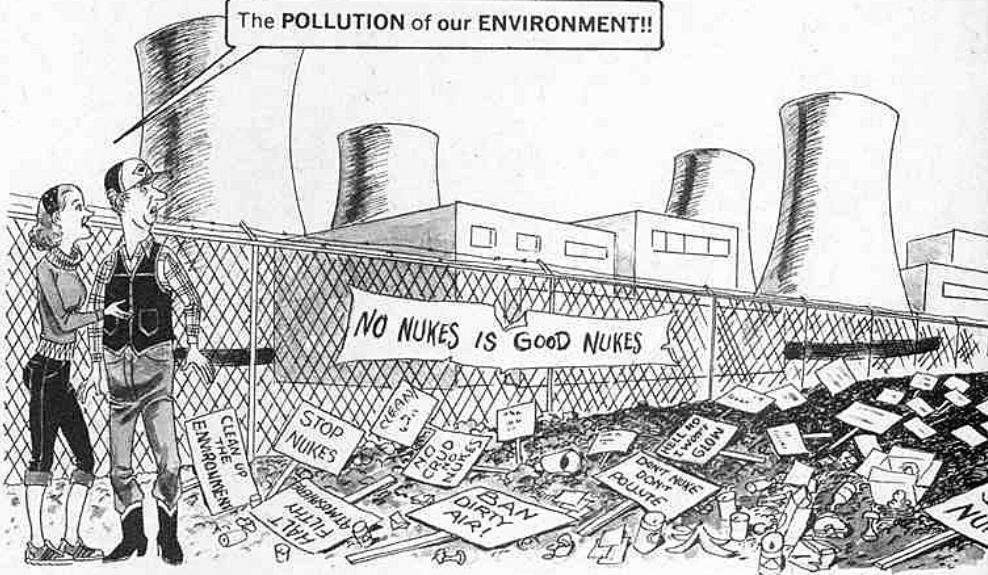
ACTIVISTS

You missed it! Some protest group held a big demonstration outside the nuclear plant all afternoon . . . !!

Oh? What were they protesting against?



The POLLUTION of our ENVIRONMENT!!



SHOPPING

I'll have half a pound of corned beef!

You'll have to take a number first!

But, I'm the ONLY one here!

Sorry! That's the store policy! Take a number, please!

Okay, I took a number!

TWENTY SIX!!

That's me!! I'll have half a pound of corned beef!!

Sorry! We're ALL OUT of corned beef!!

25

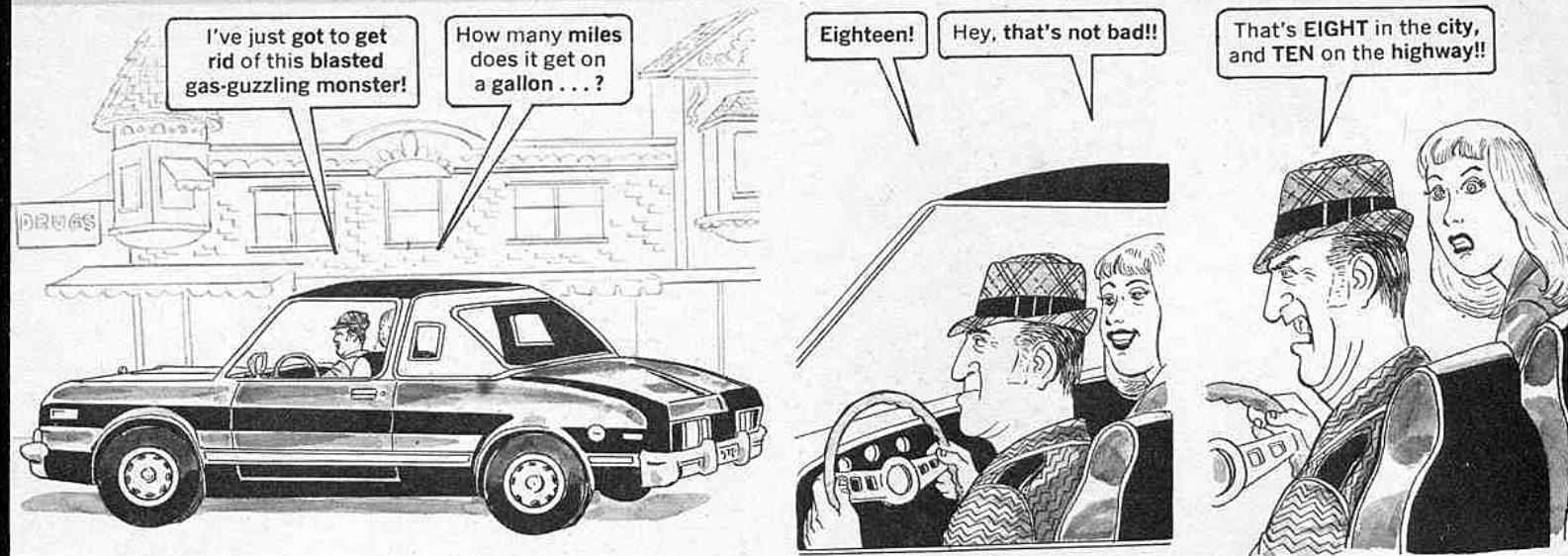
25

26

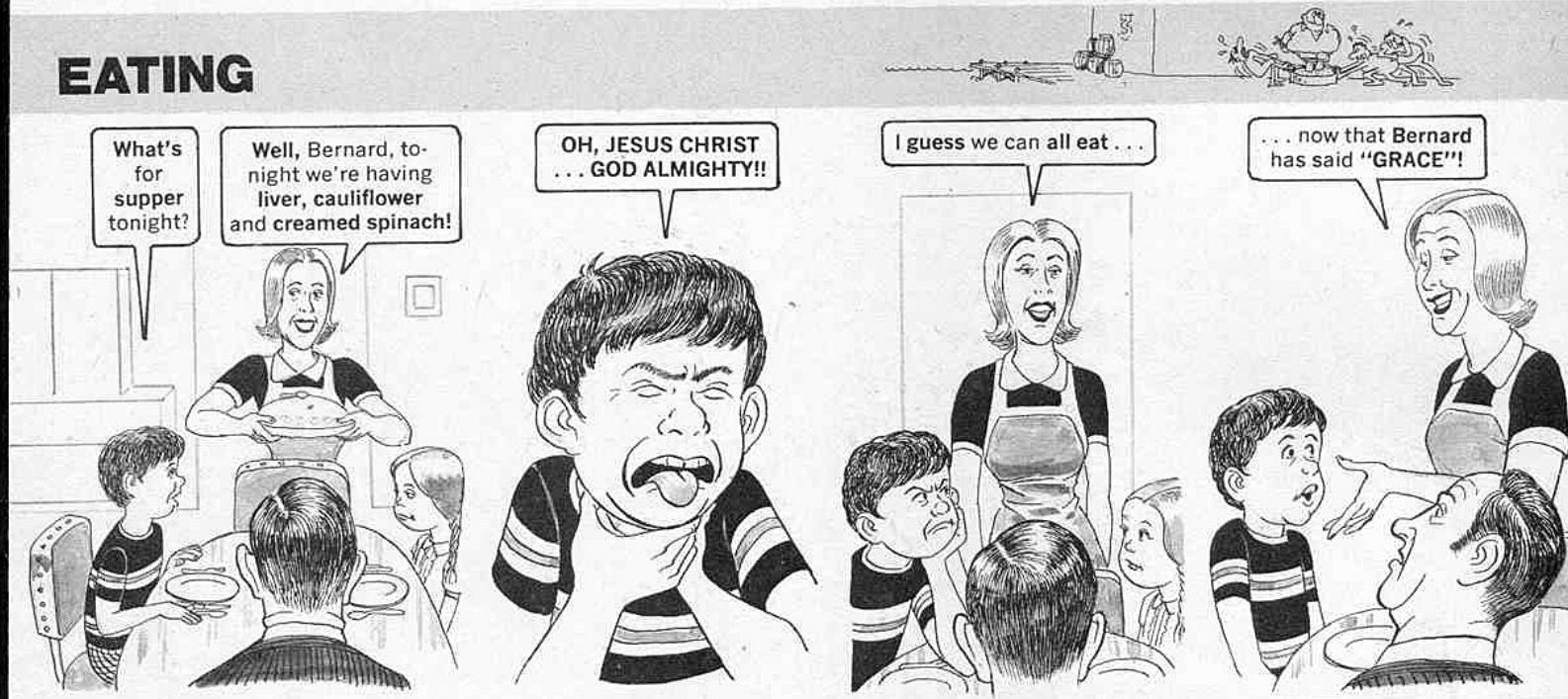
26



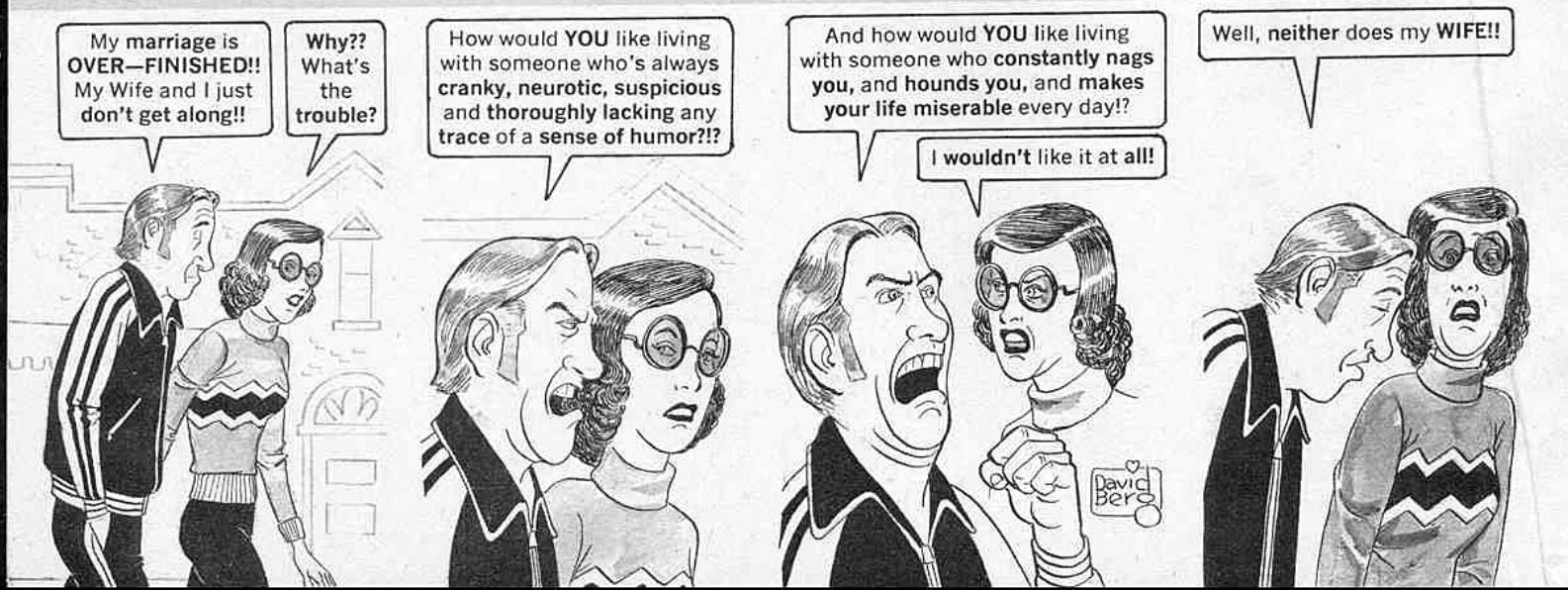
THE CAR



EATING



MARRIAGE



TWO SIDES OF THE CON DEPT.

So you consider yourself an avid TV fan! Well, MAD is willing to bet you don't even *hear* the outrageous things that are said over and over again on the tube! We mean those trite, ridiculous babblings that announcers, newscasters and program hosts repeat so often, they no longer register on our minds. It's a shame about that, because this seemingly harmless drivel contains some of the worst misleading statements and outright lies fed to us by TV. But who's going to call the networks and stations to task for their deception if nobody's paying attention? Hopefully, you will . . . once MAD alerts you to listen carefully to—

WHAT TELEVISION SAYS AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Stay tuned for more of "Barney Miller" after these messages!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"Although 'Barney Miller' is actually over, tonight's show won't be officially over until the closing credits are shown! So stay tuned for just three more commercials and then we'll let you see the names of people like the lighting technician and make-up man!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Now let's welcome our very special surprise guest for tonight . . . Mackenzie Phillips . . .

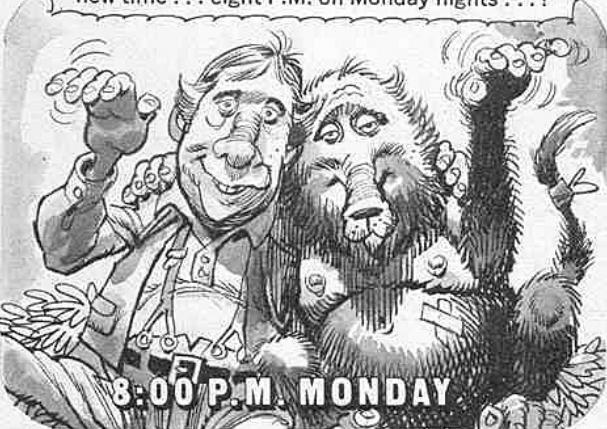


IT REALLY MEANS...

"Raquel Welch cancelled out at the last minute!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Watch "Me And The Baboon" at its convenient new time . . . eight P.M. on Monday nights . . .



IT REALLY MEANS...

"Since adults obviously won't sit through this clunker at ten o'clock, we're going to try our luck with dumb little kids two hours earlier!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Presentation of the Oshkosh Symphony on Public Television is made possible by a grant from the Exxyou Oil Company!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"The robber barons at Exxyou Oil are anxious to shake their image as a bunch of money-grubbing blood-suckers! By associating themselves with culture, they hope you won't curse them quite so much the next time you pull into one of their stations to get cheated!"



WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Watch an important News Special on this dangerous situation tonight at 11:30!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"The guys in the Newsroom think it's an important Special, but the Sales Department just laughed at the idea of giving up a lot of commercials to broadcast it in Prime Time! So instead, we're putting it on after everybody's gone to bed!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Coming up next on A.B.C. . . . "Mork and Mindy"!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"'Mork and Mindy' is the next thing coming up that we consider entertainment! But first, there's the closing commercials for this show, then 4 network commercials then 2 local ads with the station break! So actually, there's nothing worth seeing for the next 6 minutes!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Lewis Hardline has that story in Washington . . . !!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"Although everyone in our News Department here has that story, Lewis Hardline is the only one prepared to read it while standing in front of the White House to make it seem important!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Now . . . here is America's hottest young vocalist singing her latest hit record!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"Now, here is America's hottest hit record being lip-sync-ed by its young vocalist who doesn't dare sing it live for fear you might find out how lousy she sounds without an echo chamber and electronic amplification!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

And to our big winner today goes our Grand Prize . . . valued at more than SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"We talk a lot about money on this show, but you'll notice that we never mention giving prizes in cash! Today's winner, Frinstance, gets a couch that we value at \$5000 . . . and a dozen napkins that we claim are worth at least \$200 each!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

This program was produced by the Department of Public Affairs of the University of Muncie, which is solely responsible for its contents!



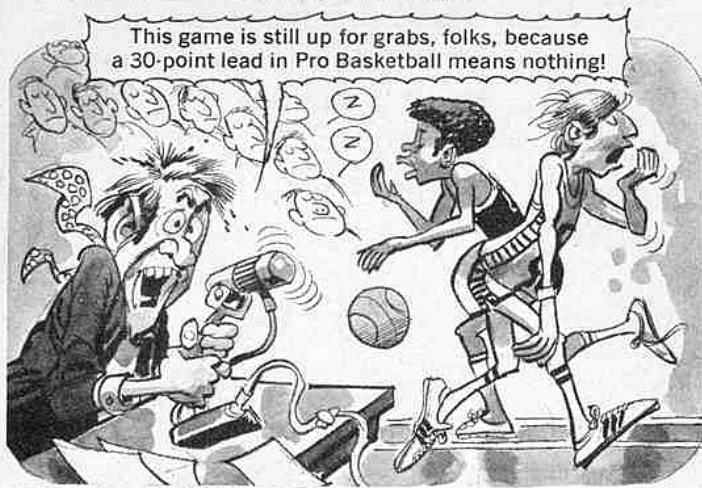
WOEFUL WEEK IN REVIEW

IT REALLY MEANS...

"If you disagree with what you've heard, please don't call our switchboard or throw rocks at our studio! It's those radicals out at the college who let dangerous talk like this get on the air!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

This game is still up for grabs, folks, because a 30-point lead in Pro Basketball means nothing!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"I vaguely remember a time when a team made up a 30-point deficit, but please don't tune out! Because I clearly remember lots of times when Sportscasters got fired for losing their audiences halfway through mismatches like this!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Watch top regional football coverage this Saturday afternoon on A.B.C.!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"We don't have a game of national importance this week, so we hope you'll bear with us for some dud ...like Northwestern Utah versus Idaho Teachers!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

See the all-new Mary Tyler Moore show, premiering tonight!



IT REALLY MEANS...

"The principal thing about this show that's 'all-new' is the fact that none of the talented performers who made Mary's previous show such a huge success will be appearing in this one!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Police raid massage parlor! Details at eleven . . . !



IT REALLY MEANS...

"You probably wouldn't tune in for a lot more depressing news about inflation and oil shortages, so we're trying to snag you with one sexy-sounding trivial item about a massage parlor in Honduras that was raided last week!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Watch the Swedish Log Throwing Finals and exciting Mouse Racing from Libya on Saturday's "CBS Sports Spectacular"!

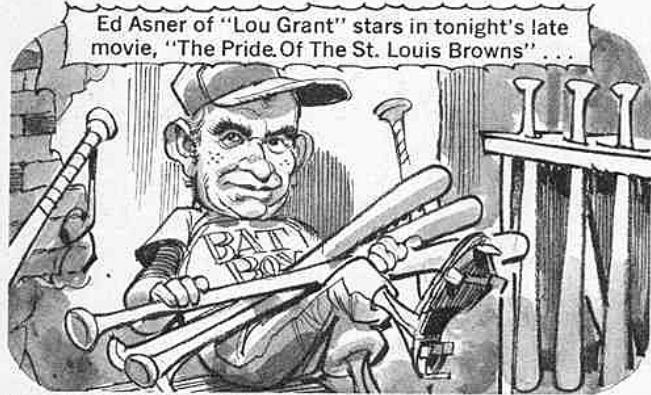


IT REALLY MEANS...

"Again this year, CBS lost out in the bidding to carry Major League Baseball, so we've dug up some ridiculous sports that we hope some of you may watch if we make them sound interesting!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

Ed Asner of "Lou Grant" stars in tonight's late movie, "The Pride Of The St. Louis Browns" . . .



IT REALLY MEANS...

"Tonight's movie was made in 1938, and stars Lyle Talbot and Kay Francis! However, you've probably never heard of them, so we're featuring Ed Asner—even though he only plays a bit part in one scene!"

FINISHING LINES DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT SOME...

NOT-SO-FAM

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

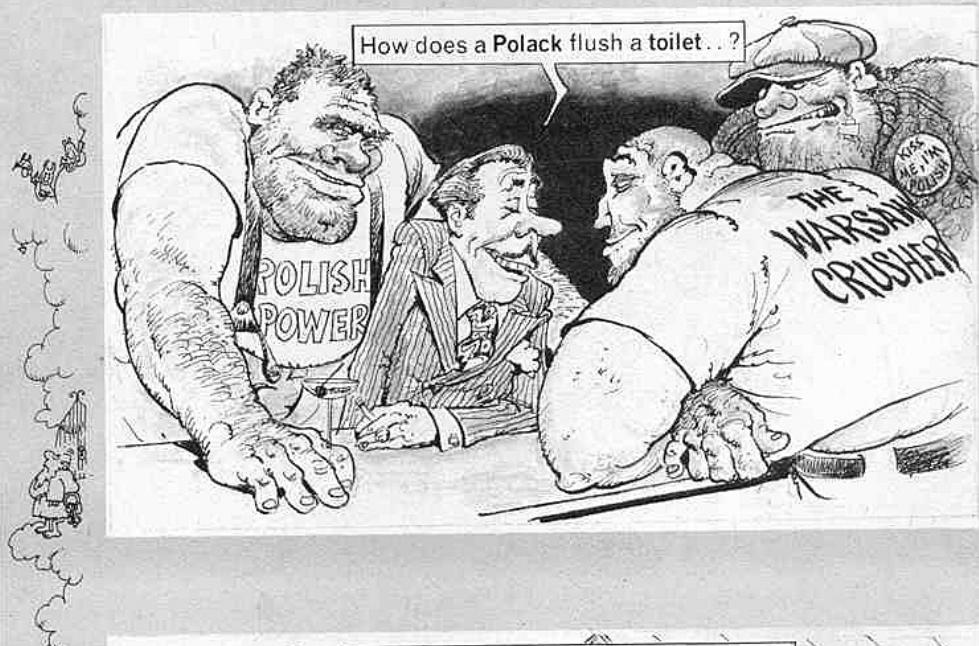
Don't cry! Daddy will get it for you in a jiffy!



Hey, man! Gi'me more juice!!



How does a Polack flush a toilet..?



Whatever they are... let's pop a few!

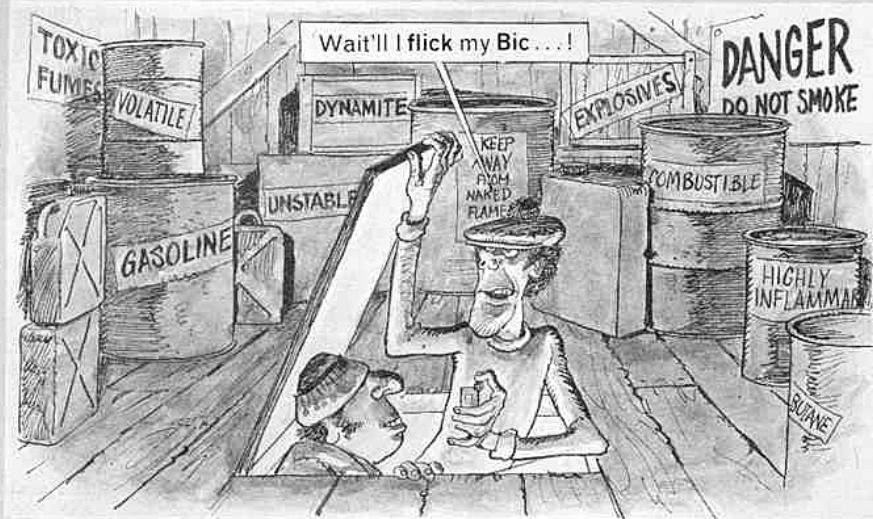


Civil War cannons rode over this bridge!

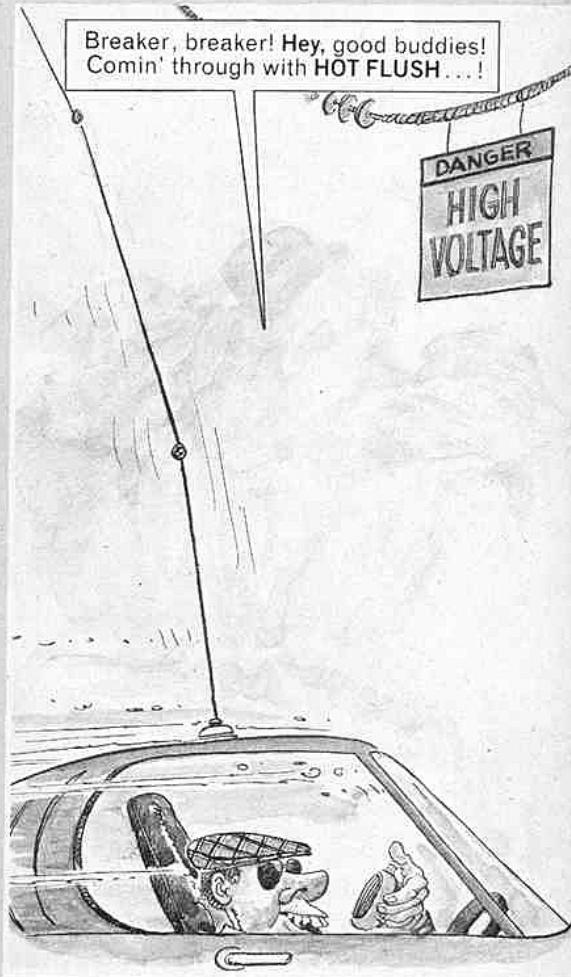
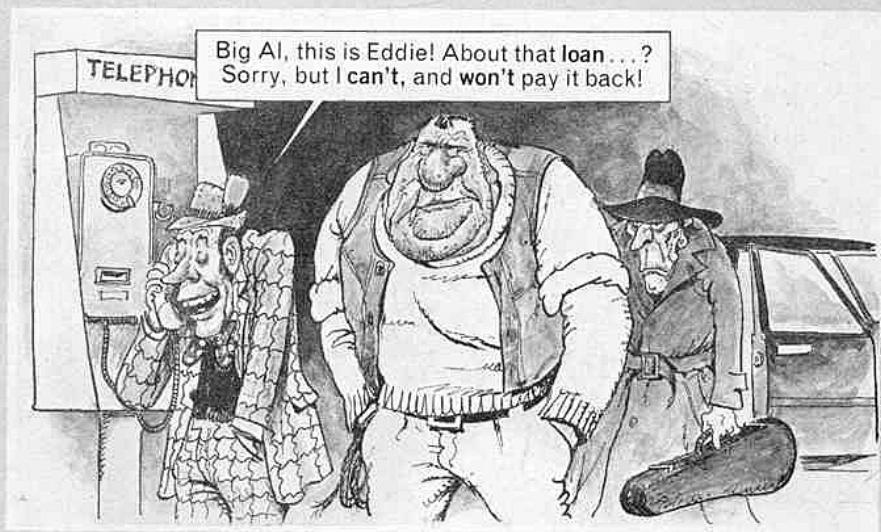


OUS LAST WORDS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



Breaker, breaker! Hey, good buddies!
Comin' through with HOT FLUSH...!



Is it true the fight was fixed, Champ?



... and from a double axle ... into a zitspin ...

Local authorities have warned us of the danger of coming into this area ... but we insisted on bringing you ... live ...

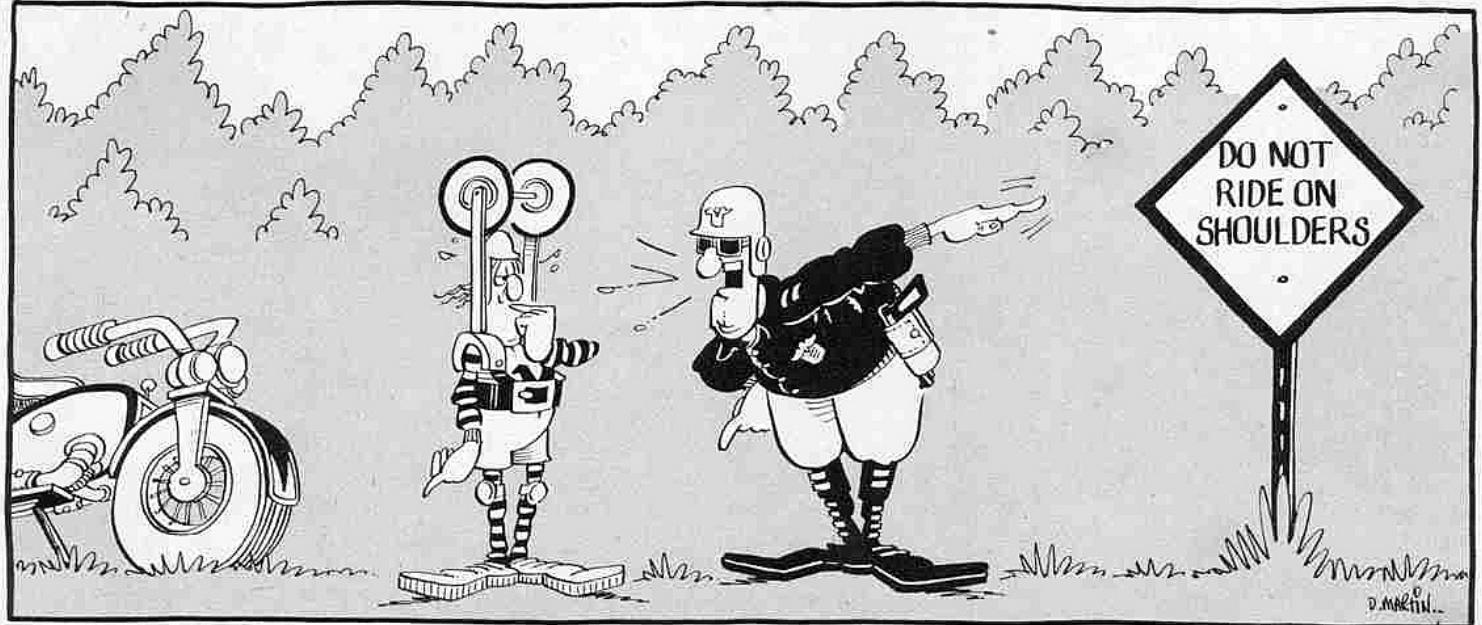
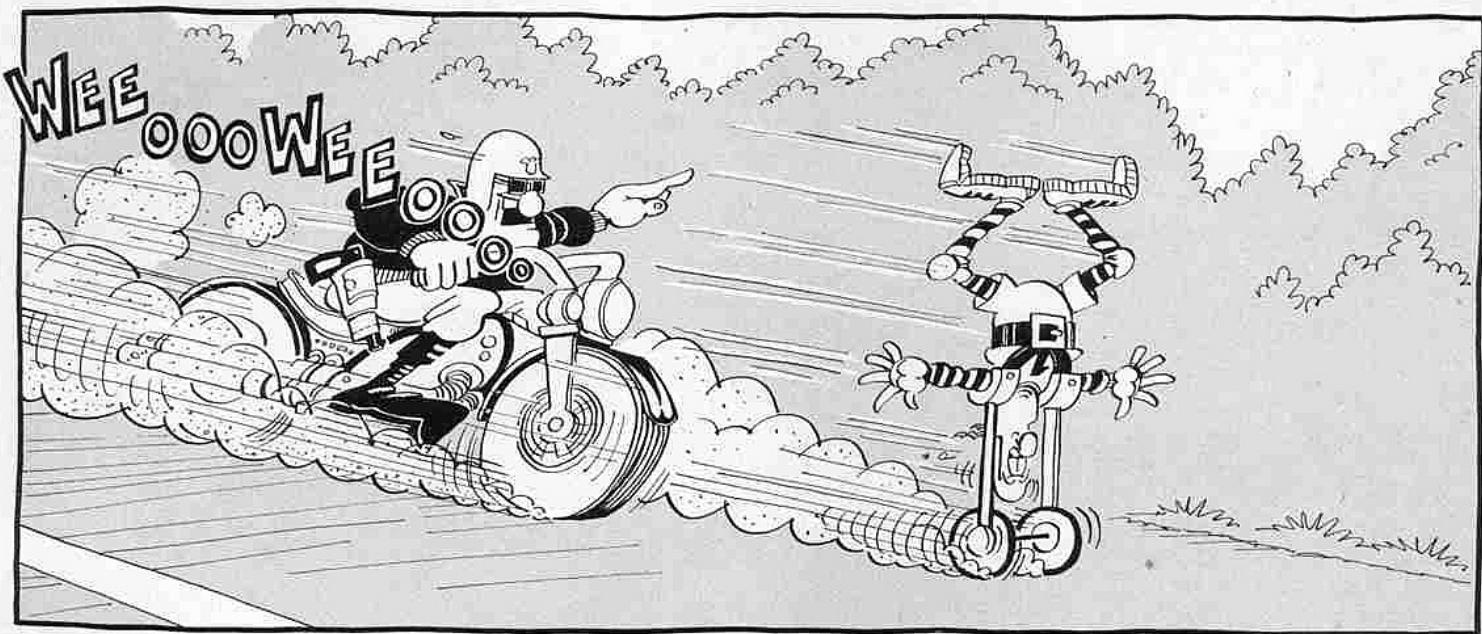
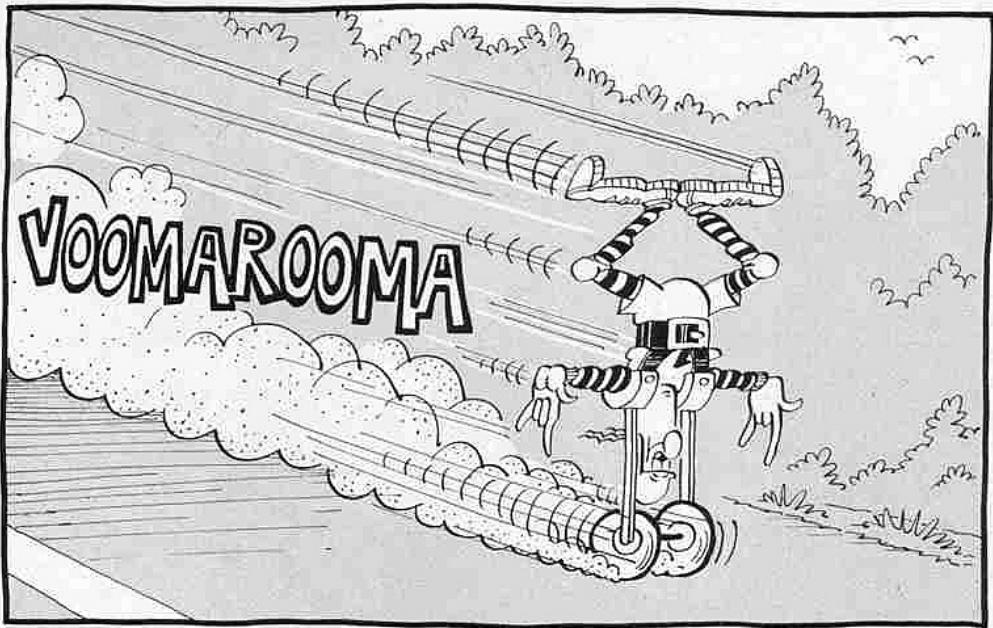
Don't worry! I can smell a Cop a mile away!

Cool it! I've handled fire crackers since I was three years old!

Voodoo ... schmoodoo! You believe in this crap?!?

Ahhh! Small craft warnings are for sissies!

LATE
ONE
AFTERNOON
ON AN
INTERSTATE
HIGHWAY



PAPER LYIN' DEPT.

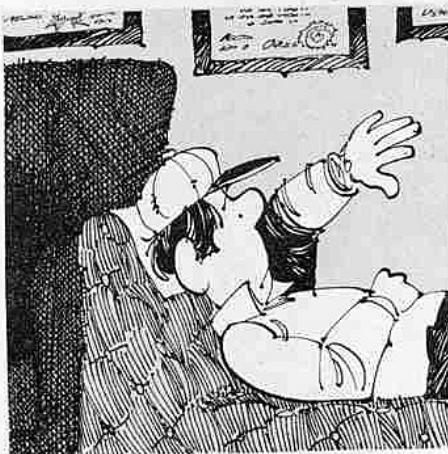
A COLLECTION OF 18 MAD EXCUSES

WHY DIDN'T YO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



You were too depressed by the latest death of a famous Rock Star!



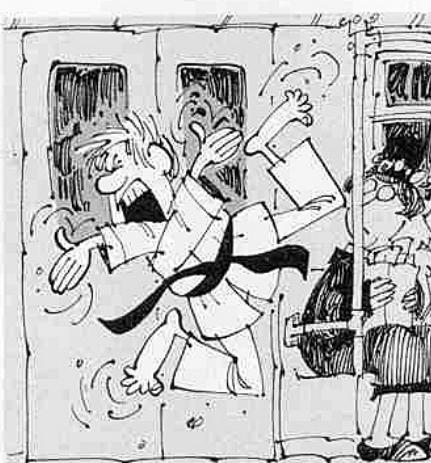
Your analyst was called away on an emergency, and you had to wait in his office the whole evening!



Your father used the last piece of looseleaf in the house as a "pooper scooper" when he walked the dog!



You had to register for the Draft! (Don't try this excuse if you go to an "All Girls' School" idiot!)



You were taking Karate lessons so you can ride in the subways again!



You made an evening appointment at a beauty shop for a Bo Derek cornrow hair-styling . . . and you didn't know how long it takes!

THAT TEACHERS JUST MIGHT BUY WHEN THEY ASK . . .

UDO YOUR HOMEWORK?

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



On the way home from school yesterday, you were mugged, and they got all your books!



The battery in your pocket calculator went dead, and all the stores were closed!



You dozed off while meditating, and the next thing you knew, it was morning!



You were out all night, looking for your little Brother, who ran away from home again!



You had to attend your weekly Alcoholics Anonymous meeting!



The air pollution was so bad that your eyes kept tearing, and you couldn't read a thing!



It was your turn to wait in a gas line with the family car!



Last night was the concluding episode of a 22-part Educational TV Series, and you saw the first 21 parts!



You went into one of those "24-hour Banking Centers," and wound up getting locked in the place all night.



You had to be in Court to testify in the custody battle your parents are having over you and your brothers!



You have to work at night so that your family can afford to pay the home heating bills!



You look upon homework as an intrusion upon your "space"!

FROM AD TO VERSE DEPT.

Ever since the old "Burma Shave" signs dotted our nation's highways, rhymes have helped sell products. As someone once said (quite possibly the writer of this article), "It's tough forgetting a rhyme, no matter how rotten it is!" Well, we think it's time Madison Avenue got back into "verse" again, and started filling newspapers, magazines, TV screens and billboard signs with something like these MAD examples of—

RHY

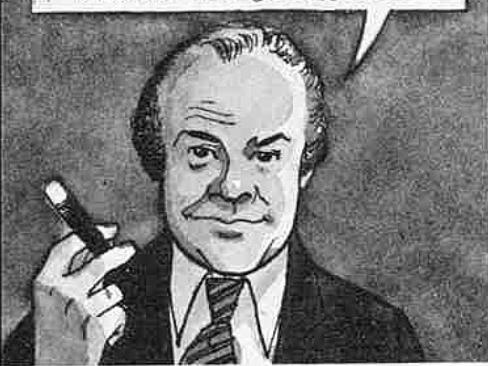
*Do you know me? Not many do;
I'm easily forgettable;
In Washington, I'm lost in crowds,
Which surely is regrettable.*



*I'm sent on lots of nothing trips;
(They're good for looking busy);
But, gosh, no matter where I go,
The natives ask, "Who is he?"*



*I'm here again—the White Owl man,
And now I'm gonna betcha,
that once you try our great cigars
We know we're gonna getcha!*



*We'll getcha with that smoky smell
That lingers in your nose,
That stays for days in furniture
And gets inside your clothes!*



*I hate it when they see my face
And scratch their heads and guess;
And that is why my credit card's
Am-er-i-can Ex-press.*



*This jerk just spilled his bowl of soup,
Which could be a disaster;
I'll wipe it up with Bounty Towels—
No other kind works faster!*



*This klutz just overturned her Coke
She ordered with her supper;
I'll clean it up with Bounty—
It's the quicker picker-upper!*



*This clod just spilled a plate of stew
And made an icky mess;
But Bounty's got absorbent strength
That works with great success!*



MING ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

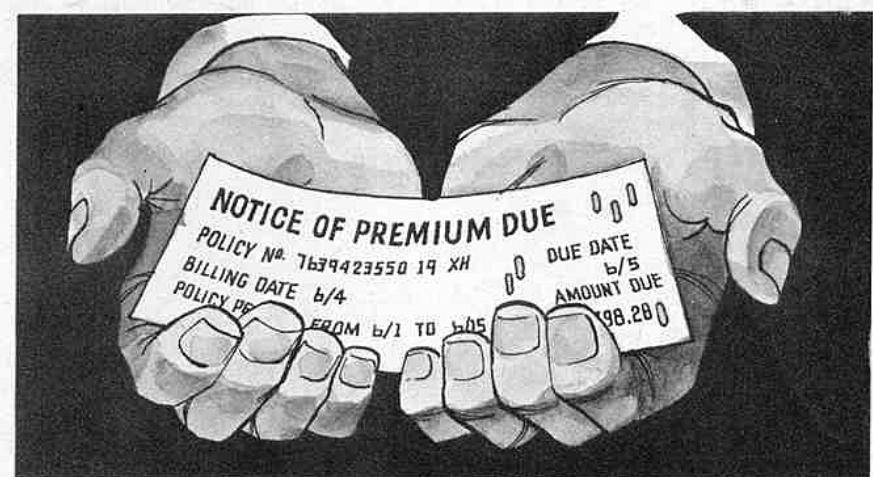
I don't leave home without my card;
That's why I never sweat it;
I'm glad my name is printed there—
Or else I might forget it!



But most of all, we've got one aim
That no one here forgets—
To getcha hooked on cheap cigars
Instead of cigarettes!



And that is why I ask myself,
While wiping up the blobs—
"How come the only folks I meet
"Are monumental slobbs?"



Your life is depressing,
Devoid of all hope,
And you're facing misfortune
And find you can't cope,
And you know that you've come
To the end of your rope.

Yes, life's a disaster
With scarcely a thrill,
And it's loaded with trouble
And strictly uphill,
And if it doesn't crush you,
Our premiums will.

Allstate The Good Hands People



Endorsing cars from Hertz, I know
I'm running with the best;
I'd never let my name be used
With Avis or the rest;

For Hertz, you see, is Number One,
As anybody knows,
Which can't be said for any team
I've played for in the Pros!

Hertz Number One In Rent-A-Car



Long Distance is the next best thing
To being there—so give a ring!



It lets you talk with cousin Beth,
Whose rotten breath is worse than death!



To cousin Grace in Jacksonville,
Whose eggplant dinners make you ill!



To brother Charlie in Des Moines,
Whose children kick you in the groin!



To Uncle Mark in Portland, Maine,
Whose handshakes make you wince with pain!



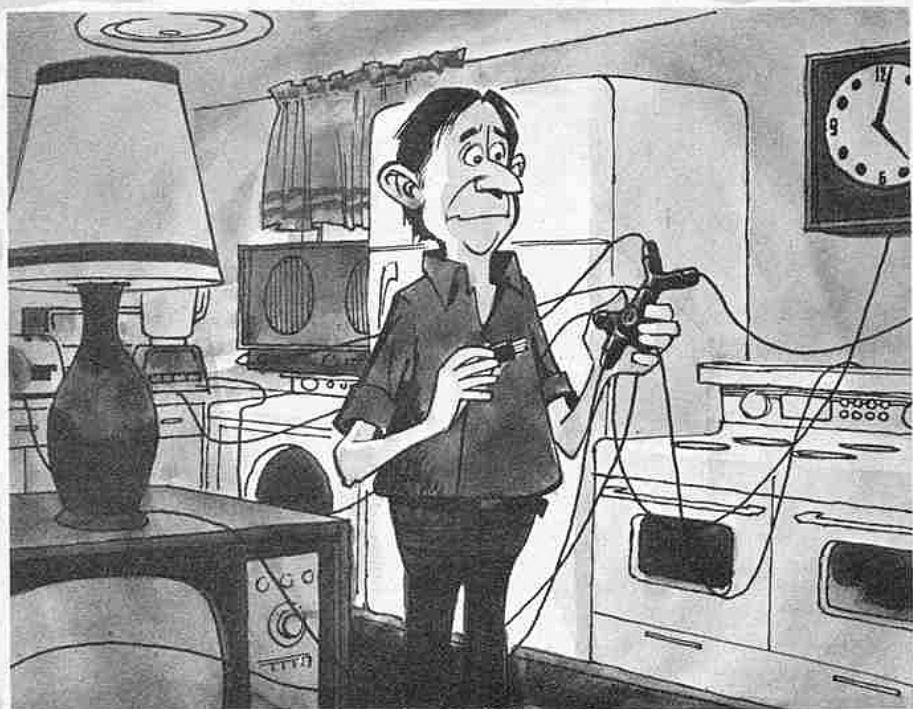
To Aunt Mathilda in Duluth,
Who makes you kiss your fat niece Ruth!

Long Distance is, we do declare,
The next best thing to being there;

In fact, from all that we can tell,
It beats a visit all to hell!

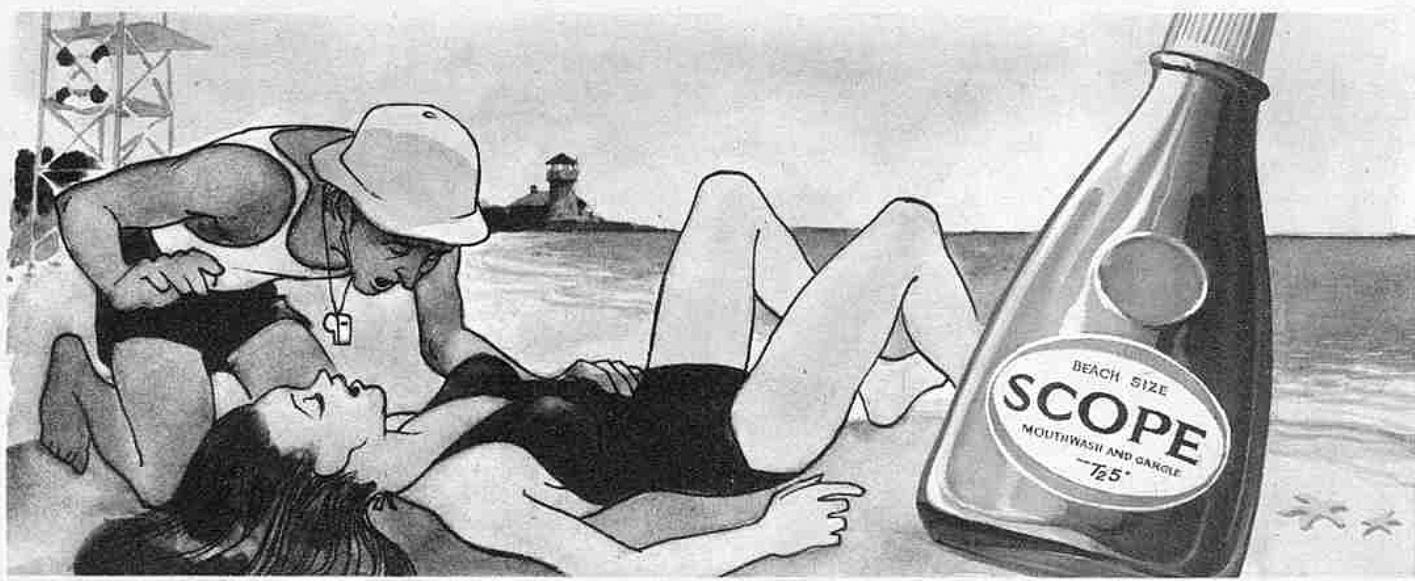


Bell System



*At G-E, we are making lamps,
Refrigerators, roasters,
Plus ranges, air-conditioners,
And freezers, grills and toasters;
And when you overload your line
From all the volts each uses,
Don't worry when the lights go out—
We're also making fuses!*





*When a swimmer's close to dying,
And you're on your knees and trying
Hard to save her, even though there's not much hope—*

*Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation
May revive her admiration,
But she'll love you if you gargled first with Scope!*

... which brings us to that day not too far off when either by design or by accident we'll look down the road and see in the distance, this—the Ultimate Rhyming Ad—

TREAT YOUR CAT



Gets Dentures Bright!



Lite

CLOROX BLEACH

TURTLE WAX



STOPS JOCK ITCH FAST!

TOOTSIE ROLLS

ARE BUILT TO LAST!

CUTTY SARK

Protects Your Car!



Levi's

GIVE YOU LOWER TAR!

Banish Gray With

ROLL-ON ban

Keds

NOW IN A SIX-OUNCE CAN!



CHEVY'S GOT

A LIGHTER SMOKE!

Coke

Schlitz

CLEANER PEOPLE BATHE WITH

EX-LAX

For Those Who Watch Their Weight!

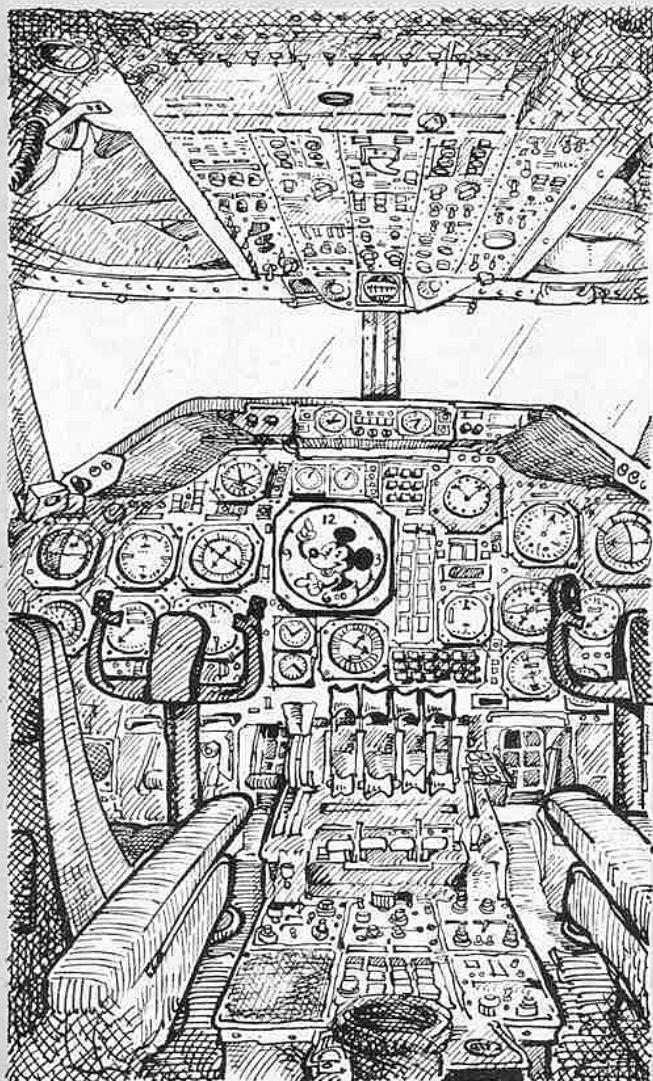
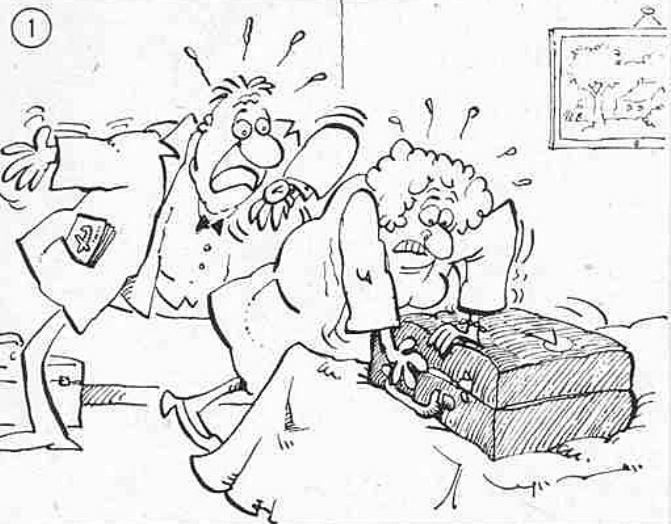


Makes The Going Great!

Clark

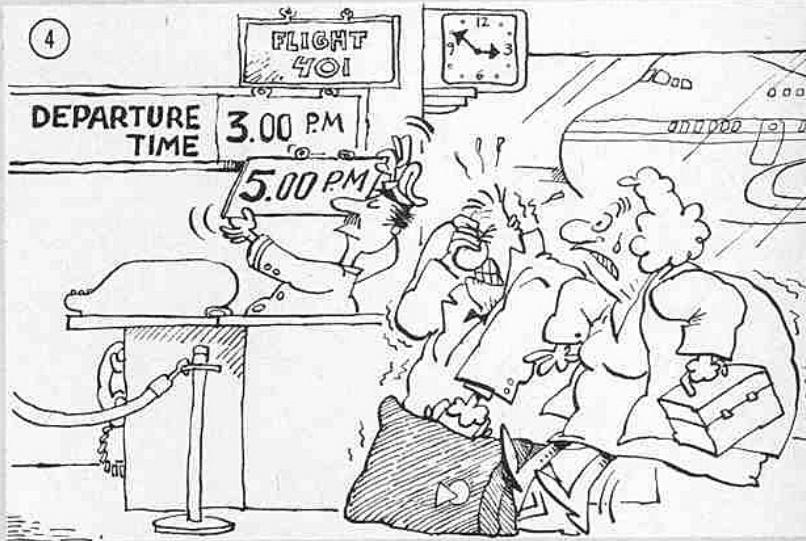
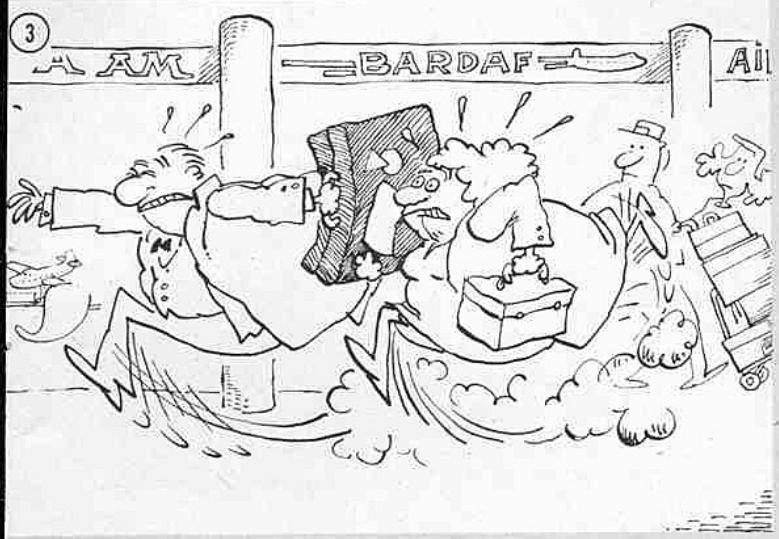
WRONGING THE WRIGHT BROTHERS DEPT.

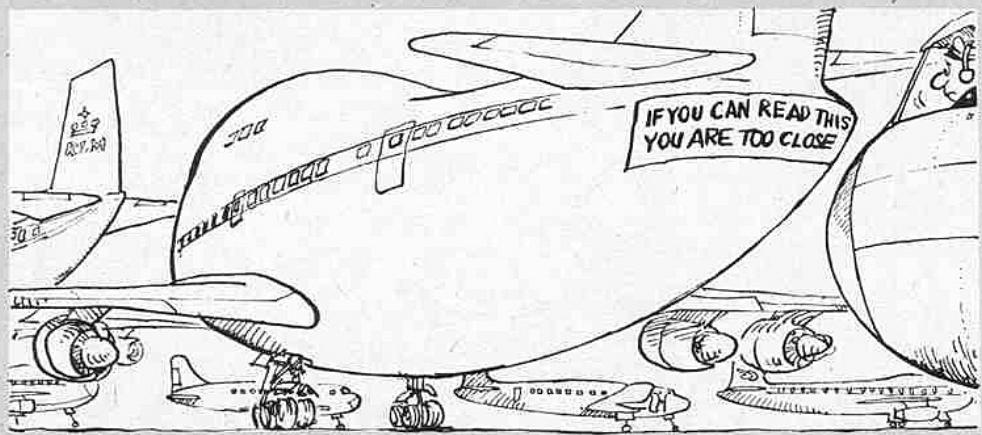
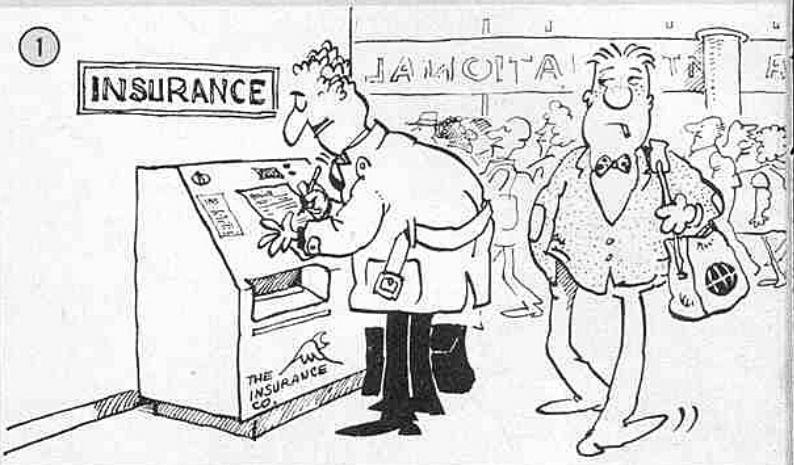
A MAD LOOK AT... AIR TRA

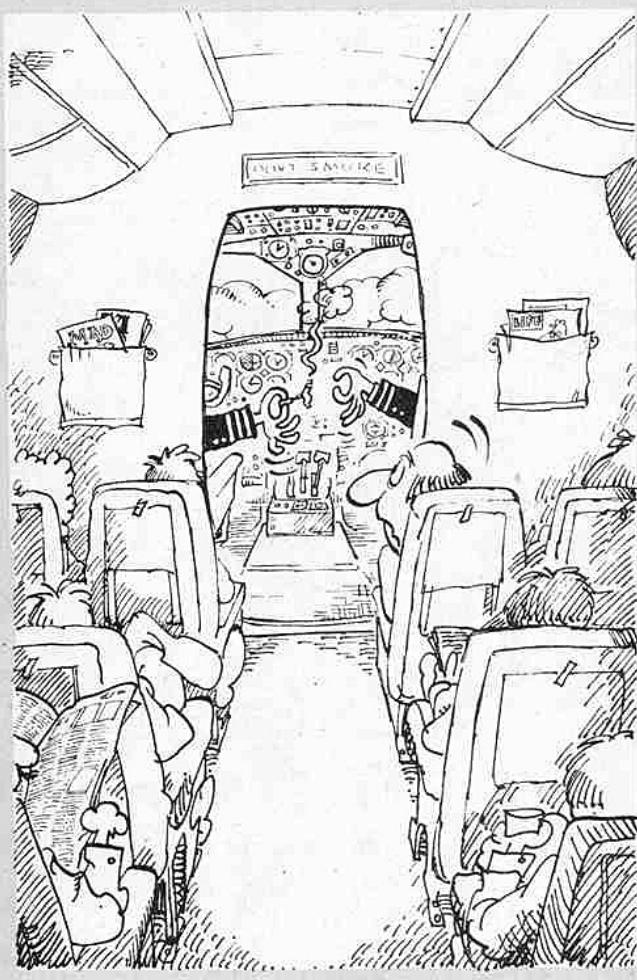
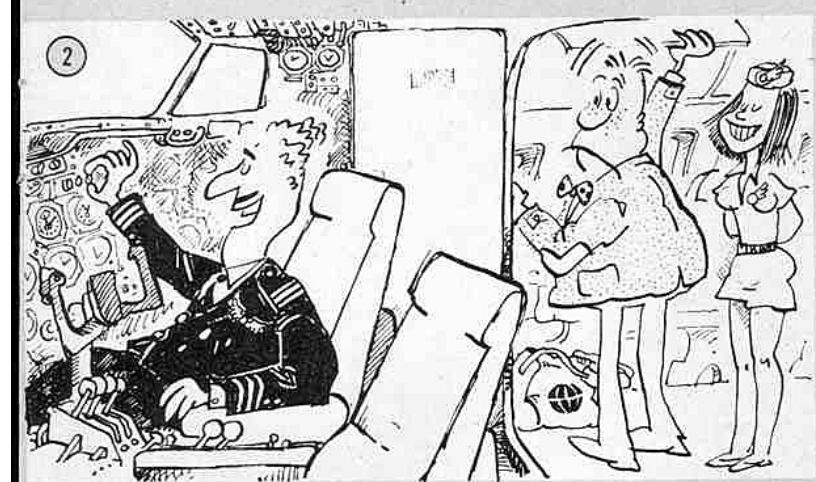


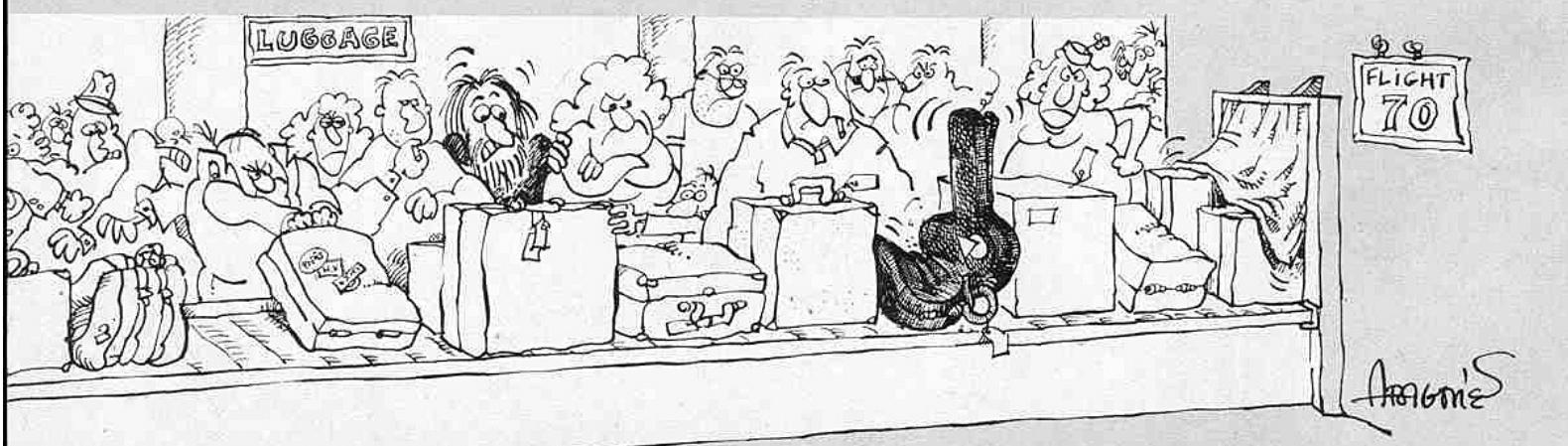
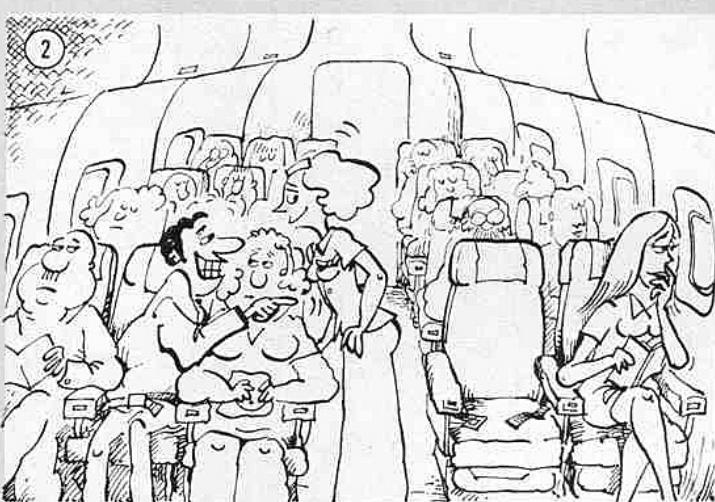
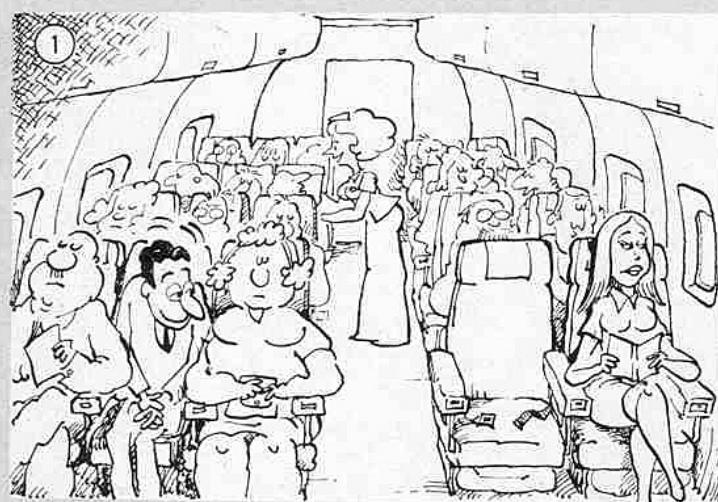
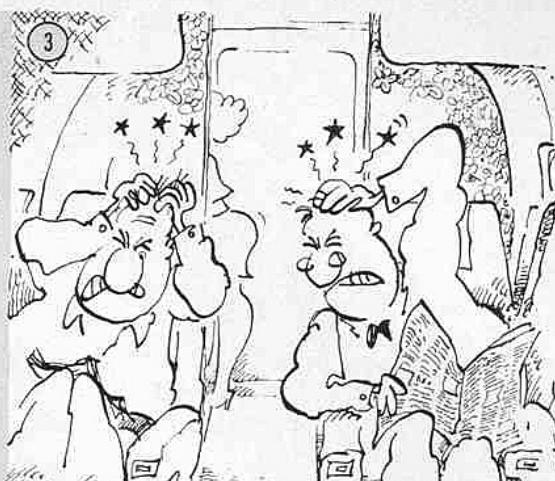
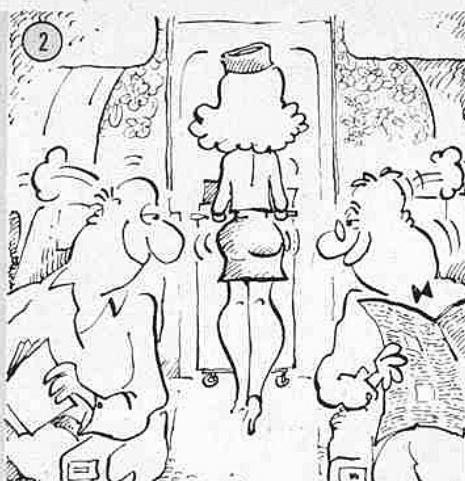
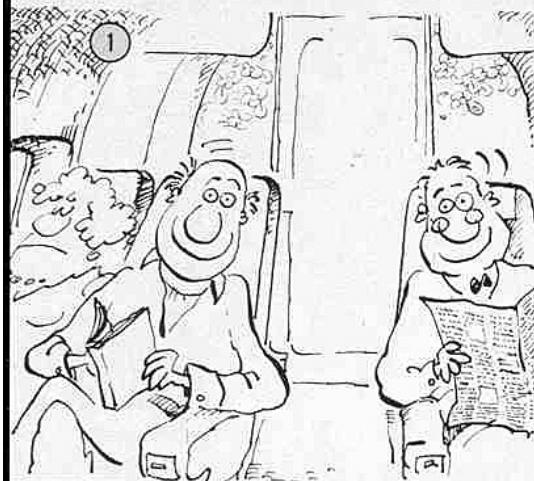
VEL

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









SICKY MINUTES DEPT.

For years, TV Producers have worked with actors and actresses who were real amateurs. Then one day, a Producer got a brilliant idea: "Why not get some real amateurs to act like actors and actresses?" And "Real People" was born! Since it was such a big hit, it got ripped off real fast with "That's Incredible!" Now, we rip them *both* off with

THAT'S REAL INCREDIBLE, PEOPLE!



From California, live, and on tape, and on film, and on records, and on endless-ly, it's "That's Real In-credible, People!" Tonight, you're going to see a man with no nose sneeze through his belly-button! What do you think of that, audience?

That's REAL DISGUSTING!!

You're supposed to say, "That's real incredible!"

There's nothing worse than a studio audience that can't be spontaneous in the way that we rehearsed them!!

And . . . in addition to our dumb audience, here is our dumb—er—delightful panel!

I'm Byron Alien! I feel like I don't belong here!!

I'm John Barber! Tonight again, we give decency a close shave!

I'm Sarah Parcel! I'm the SEXY part of this package!

I'm Skip Stepinson! I step in, son, with some bad jokes when things get serious!

I'm Fran Talkton!

I'm John Davidumb!

And I'm Cathy Lee Bores-me!

Hold it! Hold it! Excuse me . . . but I think you three are on the WRONG SHOW!!!

true



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Impossible! Isn't this the program that shows ORDINARY PEOPLE doing STRANGE THINGS?!!

Yes, it is . . . !
And in between the film clips and live stuff, we make inane comments until we fill up an entire hour?!!

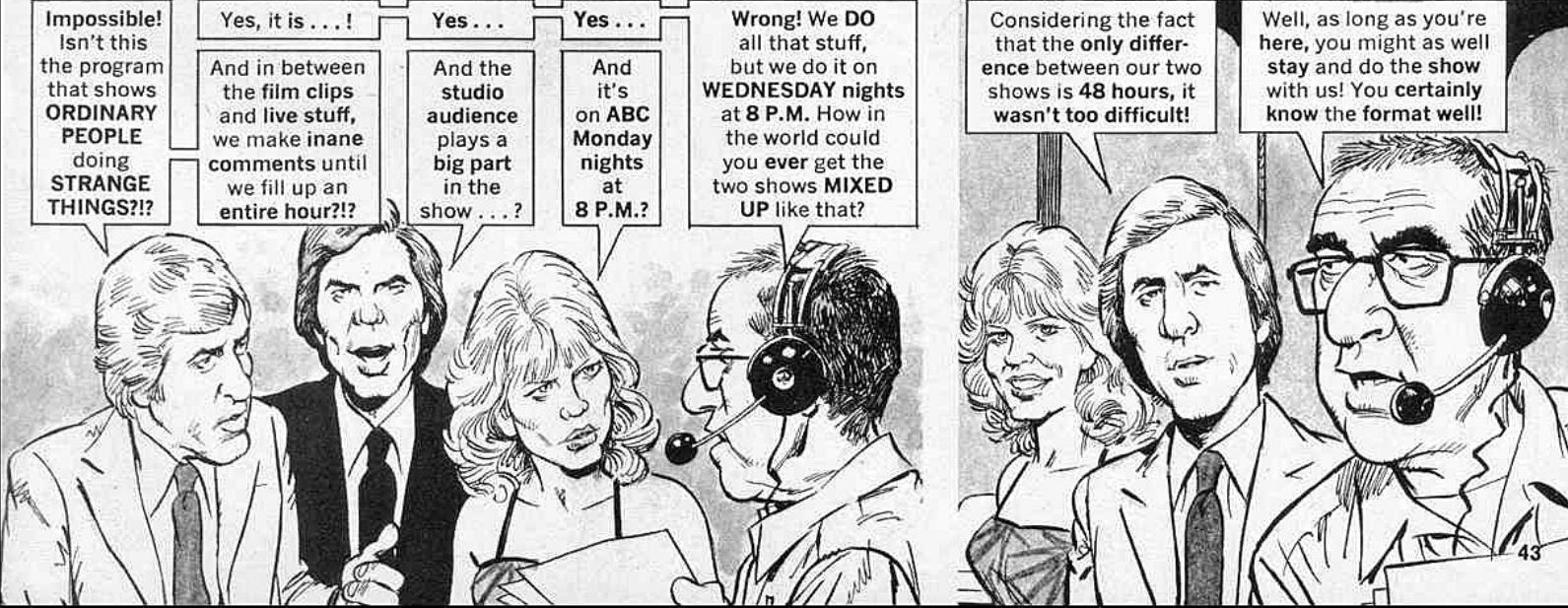
Yes . . .
And the studio audience plays a big part in the show . . . ?

Yes . . .
And it's on ABC Monday nights at 8 P.M.?

Wrong! We DO all that stuff, but we do it on WEDNESDAY nights at 8 P.M. How in the world could you ever get the two shows MIXED UP like that?

Considering the fact that the only difference between our two shows is 48 hours, it wasn't too difficult!

Well, as long as you're here, you might as well stay and do the show with us! You certainly know the format well!



As usual, we'll start the show by turning our cameras on the people in our audience, and hear what they have to say! Sir, what's on YOUR mind??

I think Washington, D.C., should celebrate "Thanks-giving" EVERY Thursday!

Oh? WHY?

Because it MIGHT help cut down the number of TURKEYS in office!

That's very funny! Will you tell us your name, please?

No! It's bad enough I let you talk me into SAYING that dumb joke! I'm CERTAINLY not going to give you my NAME, TOO!

Can I make a very serious statement?

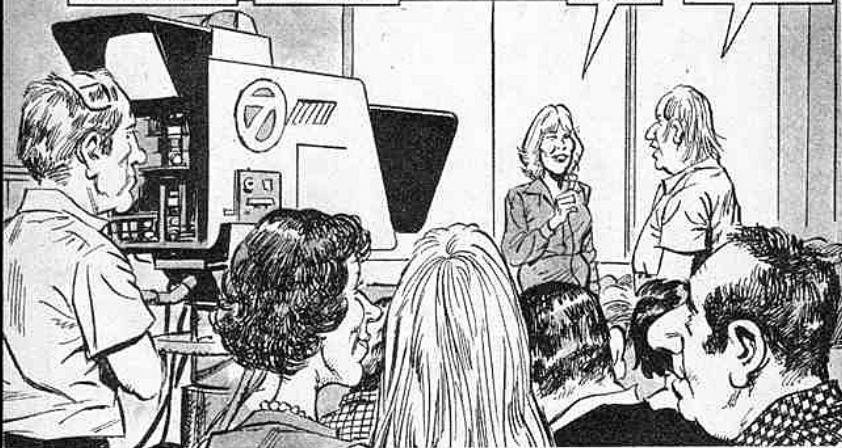
Of course!

I hate to see amateurs try to take the place of real Professionals in Show Biz!

Yay! I second the thought!!

You do?! Then how come you depend on a studio audience every week to deliver jokes, reactions and lead-ins to the commercials?! Why don't you hire PROFESSIONALS??!

WHAT? And make the rest of us look bad??



And now it's time for some "T & A"! In case you don't know what "T & A" is, a really MILD way to put it is: "TITILLATION & AROUSAL"!!

That's right! We just pretend we're talking about a normal run-of-the-mill story, and we use that as an excuse to show you film clips that other shows would NEVER get away with!

Remember those real neat film clips you saw when we looked at some "Womens Mud-Wrestling Teams"?? Well, tonight, we'll take a look at some "Girl Car-Washers"!!

I visited the "Clean As A Whistle Car-Wash & Massage Parlor" here in Hollywood, and I found some energetic, resourceful and rather attractive young girls on the job!

All of the girls gave great wash, and they really put their HEARTS into their work!



F'rinstance, THIS girl has a really GREAT pair of hearts!!

Yep . . . when it comes to having your car stroked clean, these girls have a leg up on any of their competition!!



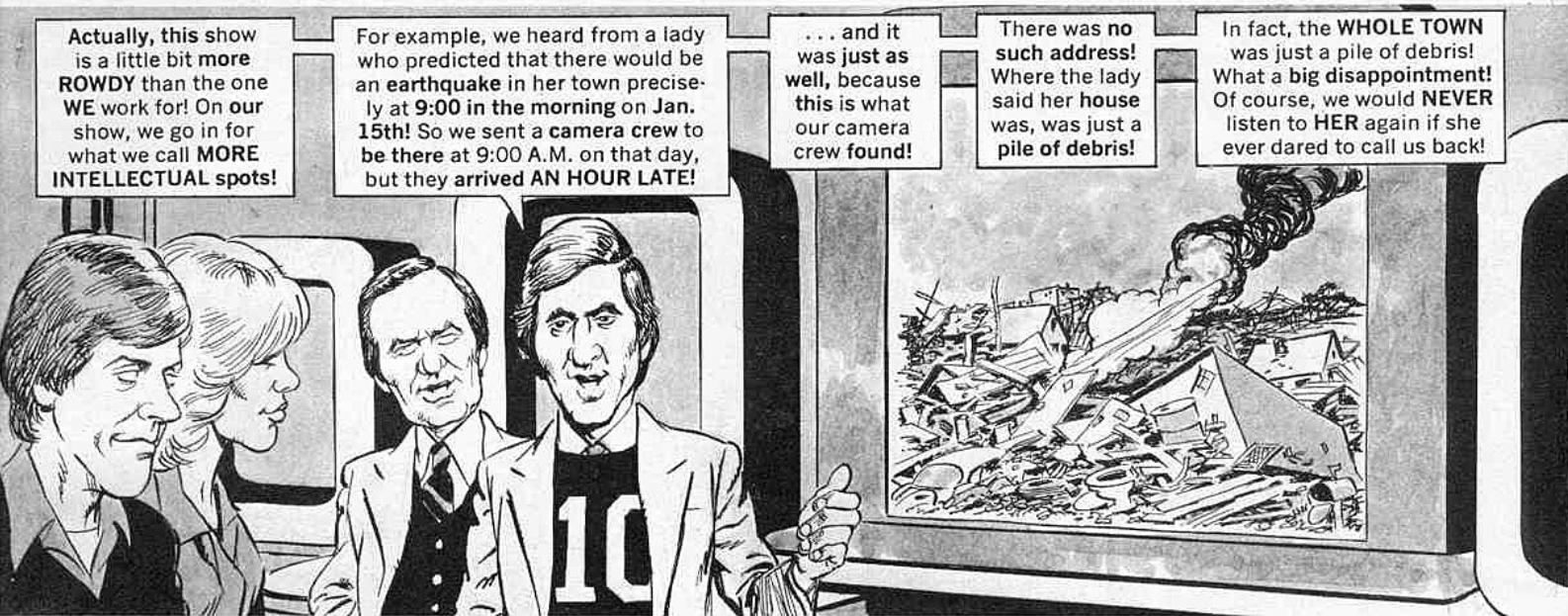
Did they do a good job for you, Skip?

Wonderful! Only it took a couple of hours!

But you were pleased???

I was thrilled! As a matter of fact, I was so thrilled, next time I go, I'll bring a car!





We go to the San Diego Zoo for this next one! It's about a man... and a grizzly bear!

I've SEEN a man bare, and it IS pretty grisly!

Please! I don't rely on BAD PUNS for MY audience appeal!

Oh?!? What DO you rely on...?

Why... my personality!

You'd be a lot better off with BAD PUNS!

This man... Steven O'Brian, covers his entire body with honey, and then goes to sleep in a cage full of starving wild grizzly bears!

Now, before we show you this film clip, a word of warning! Please DO NOT... I repeat, DO NOT attempt to do this feat on your own!!

Even if the wild grizzly bears don't tear you to pieces, it's STILL very hard to get honey off your clothes!!



Okay... he's in the cage now, and... and—

The starving wild GRIZZLY BEARS went to sleep first! I can't believe it!!

I can!! Your staff left a TV Monitor where the bears could watch your show! That's enough to put ANYBODY to sleep!!



And now, it's time for our "Mail Segment," where we ask viewers to submit wild, wacky PHOTOS for us to use...

Pam Predisik sends us THIS photo... a BIRD HOUSE with a sign that says, "Home, Tweet Home"!

Gee... THAT's not so funny!

Don't blame ME! Pam Predisik sent it in!



Mike Gargiulo sends us this clipping from the "Homes For Sale" section of his local newspaper...

"For Sale, four bedroom house, very close to beach! Features full basement and sunken living room!!!"

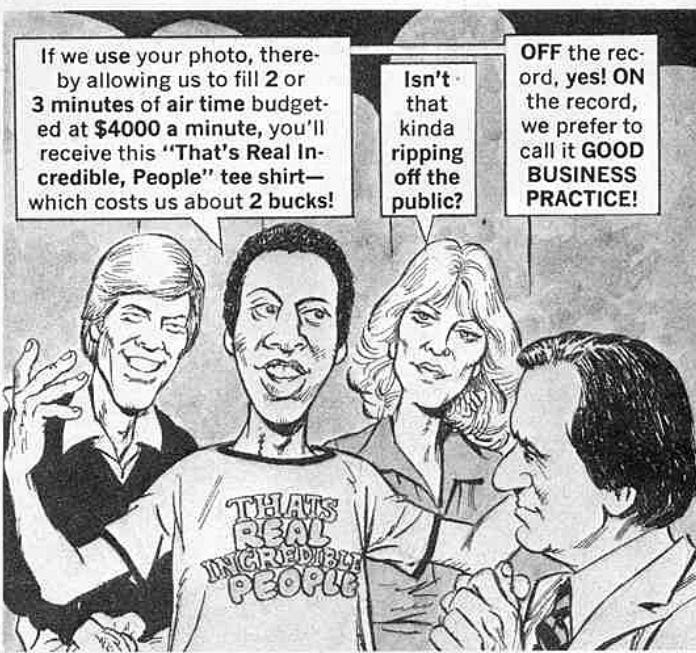
That's no funnier than the picture PAM sent in!!

You're right! Hey, listen, folks! If you want US to ENTERTAIN you, you'd better start sending in some stronger material!

If we use your photo, thereby allowing us to fill 2 or 3 minutes of air time budgeted at \$4000 a minute, you'll receive this "That's Real Incredible, People" tee shirt—which costs us about 2 bucks!

Isn't that kinda ripping off the public?

OFF the record, yes! ON the record, we prefer to call it GOOD BUSINESS PRACTICE!





Now, we come to the highlight of our show... the part where we bring out someone who does something so absolutely CRAZY, you might see him DIE right here on the program! Tonight—

Don't WE die here EVERY WEEK?!

No, that's just our CAREERS!! I'm talking about an entire person!

You are about to see a man who catches a bullet between his teeth!!

Everyone here is holding his breath, chewing his nails, and hoping for the best...!

Because it's so dangerous??

No, because a bullet travels 100 miles an hour and the distance between the gun and the man is 100 feet! That means that this stunt is going to take .00078 seconds! An hour show takes 3600 seconds! So everyone is holding his breath, chewing his nails and praying that somehow we can make this spot last!



There goes the bullet... and he's caught it between his teeth!

Let's see it again... in slow motion!

Now let's see it again... in fast motion!

Now let's see it in black and white!!

Now let's see it in green and blue...!

Now let's see it running the film backwards!

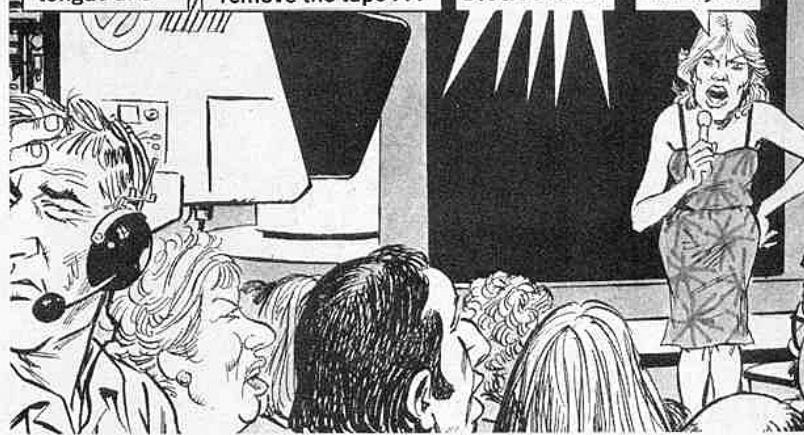
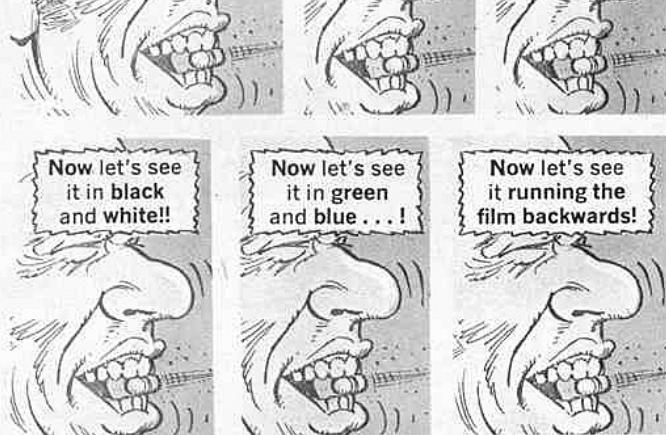
This is what it looks like from inside his mouth! We put a small camera on his tongue and—

Oh, my God! It's all black! He swallowed the camera! Oh, well, when we get it back, after... you know... we'll clean it up and remove the tape...

... and next week, we'll show you the first film clips of the insides of a man's large intestines!

That's REAL DISGUSTING!

Nobody asked you!!



Well, that's our show for this week!

Next week, you're going to see two men play "chicken" using jet planes—hurtling at each other at 1200 miles an hour!!

But please don't try this stunt on your own! It could be dangerous!

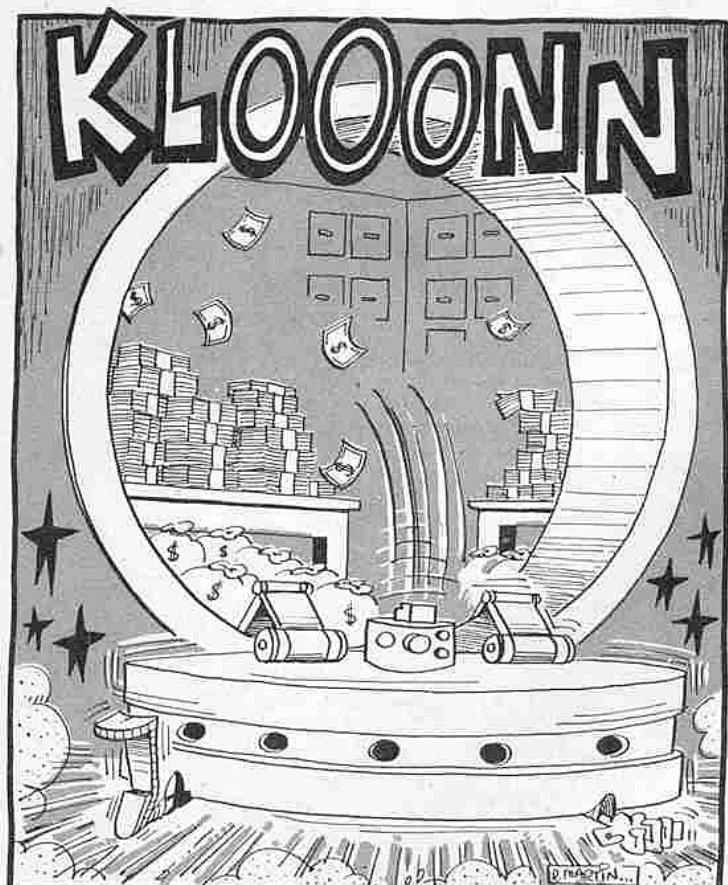
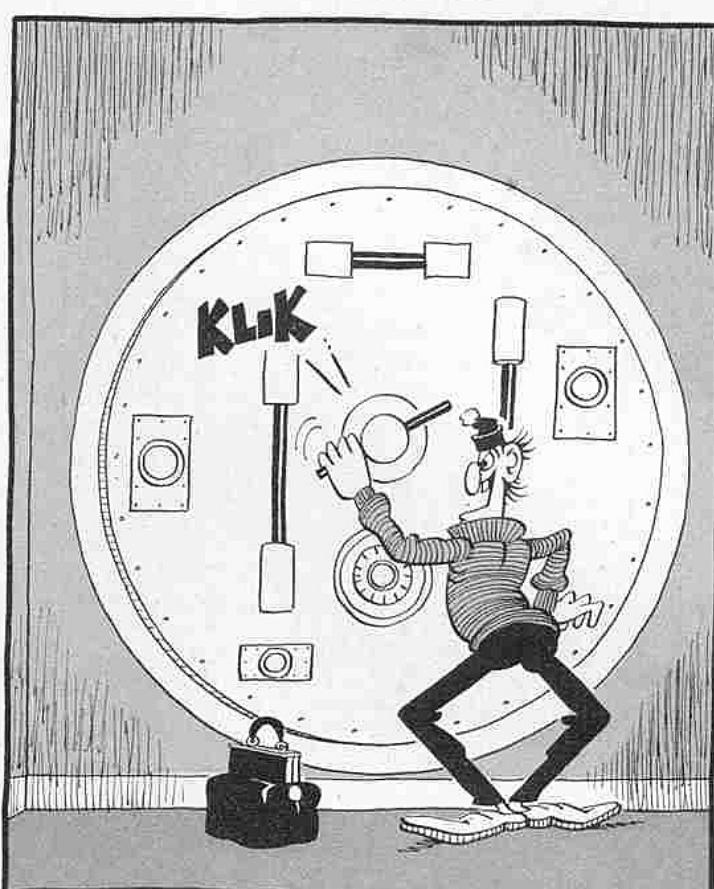
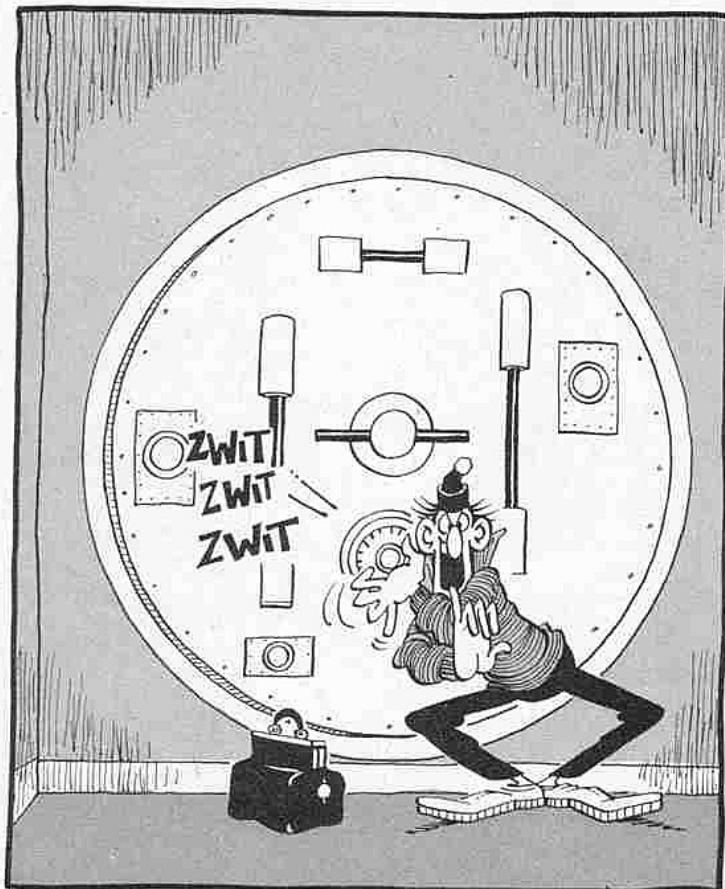
Now... here's another dumb poem to close our show!

It seems we just got started, but here we are, all done! It would've gone much faster, if we had had some fun!

So if you know some weirdo, please call us, spend a dime! This really is "The Gong Show," it's just done in Prime Time!



LATE ONE NIGHT IN A BANK



**A SNAPPY
ANSWERS
TO STUPID
QUESTIONS
"MOTHER
GOOSE"
FOLD-IN**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

Humpty Dumpty fends off some pretty stupid questions in this Mother Goose scene . . . but to get the FINAL SNAPPY ANSWER, you've got to fold in the page as shown at right!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

DID YOU GET SCRATCHED AND HURT WHEN YOU FELL OFF THE WALL?
NO, I AM FULLY ASSEMBLED WHEN CRACKED IN TWO!

WILL YOUR EGO SUFFER FROM THIS AWFUL EXPERIENCE?
NO, A COUPLE OF BUSTED LEGS MAKE MY SPIRITS SOAR!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE PUT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN?
NO, I'M HAPPIER WHEN I'M SPREAD ALL OVER THE PLACE

GOODY! I JUST LOVE...



Jaffee

A

B

MAD'S STORY-TELLING U.S. POSTAGE STAMPS

Judith Krantz
27 Daisy Place
Scrubles, CA 90212



Mr. Gay Talese
c/o His Neighbor's Wife
1 Libido Drive
Infidelity, PA 17534



(COOK)



(UP)



(WILD)



(BOOKS)

"**MASTERS AND JOHNSON
STATE HORNY WRITERS
COOK UP WILD BOOKS!**"